



정용(正龍) 현대판타지 소설

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# 골든타임

# GOLDEN TIME

**MUNPIA**  
장르문학의 유토피아, 글세상 문피아

# **Golden Time**

**- 골든타임 -**

**- Volume 3 -**

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**[ Pyoncs (Gravity Tales) ]**

# Chapter 59

A week passed.

Suhyuk seemed to have collected blood like crazy.

Although he also did things like disinfection and simple tests sometimes, the main task assigned to him was blood collection.

*'It's the first time I have collected so much blood like this... And all that in just one week.'*

"Intern, sir, can I ask you to collect blood from patient Lim Harin?"

Nurses began to ask him for a favor like that without any hesitation.

Suhyuk nodded his head gladly.

It was a basic examination practice to analyze the blood of a patient and at the same time, it was a very important job to do, because blood can reveal a clue to figuring out the identity of most diseases.

So, even if it's a simple technique, Suhyuk took blood with a good sense of duty.

Morning time passed and lunch time came.

Fortunately, he was done with his assigned quota of blood collection, so he moved to the elevator to go out.

At that moment, he heard a woman's voice.

"How come you disinfected it that stupid way? It's such an easy job. Didn't I tell you not to make a mistake?"

Suhyuk's head turned to the side at the sharp voice.

Resident Oh Heejin was frowning, looking at her intern peers.

She swept up her hair as if she could not calm down her anger.

Sizing up what they were talking about, the intern made the patient's wound open more while he was disinfecting it.

She then noticed Suhyuk.

"Have a good lunch."

And then she opened her mouth again, "Just be like him, no more or no less. Nurses call him 'One-shot, One-kill' Can't you solve it with only a couple of attempts?"

Suhyuk, who bowed his head to her, laughed bitterly and entered the elevator.

He could see the intern's face when the elevator door was closed. He felt sorry for him somehow.

Suhyuk came out and looked around.

"He said he would pass by not too late..."

Suhyuk called somewhere. <The customer does not answer the phone... > sounded out the recorded automatic message.

"Is he busy?"

When he was about to make another call, someone said, "Hey, Suhyuk".

He turned his head to the side at the familiar voice.

A man wearing a white suit and a black tie. A figure as handsome as a model, Dongsu.

"I was not late man. I went to the bathroom."

"What's wrong with your hand?"

He was wrapping a blood-stained bandage on his hand roughly. At his question, Dongsu opened his mouth with a peek at his hand, "I'm a bit hurt because that son of a bitch struggled like hell."

"Did you go to the the site where the detective caught the criminal?"

It was not once or twice when he questioned the appropriateness of Dongsu's profession.

The prosecutor Dongsu was following criminal suspects ahead of the detectives.

"If you are doing things like this, why did you become a prosecutor instead of a detective?"

Dongsu responded briefly, "Because the prosecutor has more to show off."

*'How can it be the only reason...'* Suhyuk just could not help but shake his head.

So they both had a light lunch at the restaurant near the hospital and headed for a coffee shop. He had about 30 minutes of free time as long as he did not get a call.

"So, can you manage your work well?"

Suhyuk nodded lightly at his question.

"Well, I know you can't live without a patient."

He was a guy who ran to a sick person, putting aside all his work.

"How about you?"

Donsu said, with a slight frown, "Oh boy. I now know how many crazy people there are in the world."

Yes, there were incidents that did not surface; they were crimes that people could not even imagine. Only coming in novels? Horrible contents such as seen in the movies? That was nothing.

At that moment, his cell phones rang, "Yes, this is prosecutor Kim Dongsu."

Suhyuk looked at Dongsu on the phone pleasantly.

He studied so much with his eyes becoming bloodshot just to achieve what he wanted at the end of the day.

He could imagine how much his mother liked it. He just felt proud of him like as if he were his mother.

"How this son of a bitch can..." murmured Dongsu who hung up the phone.

"What is it?"

Dongu sighed long at his question.

"The suspect is his keeping his mouth shut, and using the right to remain silent."

"What's the type of crime he committed?"

"It's a murder case. This crazy asshole murdered his mom, dad, and sister and set fire to the house."

Suhyuk frowned, saying, "Does he not have a mental illness?"

Dongsu laughed, thinking to himself, "Hey, I know you're a doctor even if you don't say things like that. It's not a mental illness. That bastard is just an asshole."

"What is the motive for his crime?"

"I hear he had an adhesive in his mouth. Obviously he did it to get insurance money."

Dozens of crimes take place every day. Criminals who commit unbelievable crimes. Crimes overflowing everywhere. Despite such criminals, it was amazing to see the world going around without collapsing.

"I'll have to get going first."

Dongsu, rising from the seat, was in such an emotional mood as if he wanted to rush to the suspect to grab his neck immediately. His character clearly showed it. Suhyuk also rose from his seat and opened his mouth, "Did you see it on the news? Coercive investigation... Did you not see it on the news that a detective assaulted a suspect? I hope you do not come out on TV news like that."

Dongsu laughed slightly.

"Those assholes need some beating, and there are invisible methods to do so."

Suhyuk could not help but laugh dumbfoundedly. This was a guy who would not listen to him no matter what he said. Suhyuk and Dongsu parted in front of the coffee shop, promising to meet again next time.



Suhyuk, who entered the hospital lobby, was called.

It was the call of the doctor in charge, Oh Heejin.

He had to move quickly.

"Did you call?"

She, turning over the chart, nodded her head.



"You're going to the emergency room with me now? It's the first time you are visiting a pediatric emergency room?"

"As a PK student I went into the general emergency room. What about the other interns?"

The interns assigned to the pediatrics department were in total 4 persons including himself. Though he looked around everywhere, he could not find them, who usually looked crestfallen like fallen reeds.

"I gave them some break time because they looked tired."

Break time was in name only, because it was like stopping all their work. It was her way of giving a hard time to new interns. After two or three hours, though, they would show up again.

"It'll be a little noisy."

Fluttering her gown, she walked ahead.

The pediatric emergency room was completely different from the general emergency room.

It was noisy, to say the least.

Many children cried and threw a tantrum loudly enough to hit the eardrums of those present.

Nurses soothed those little patients, and the doctors were busy moving around here and there.

Oh Heejin approached a doctor examining the body of a child lying down. It was Park Jungnam in his third year of residency.

"Sir, I'm here to assist you."

She was called by Park to the emergency room.

When they were short staffed like this in the emergency room, those residents who had spare time came to their rescue. Or, more correctly speaking, they were forced to do so by their seniors' orders.

"Yes, thank you," Park said and gestured with one eye.

The child in her mom's arms kept coughing.

"The temperature is so high. It's not a simple cold."

She nodded and moved to the child.

"You must be a new intern, right?" Park caught Suhyuk's hand.

"Yes, I'm Lee Suhyuk."

"Yes, I heard you are the Prince of blood vessels. I need your helping hand as I'm busy."

Then he pointed to the child lying in bed. A girl who looked about six years old.

She was such a commendable girl that she suppressed her tears even when she came into the emergency room.

"I think she had a fracture in her arm and needs an X-ray. You know where the imaging room is, right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Immediately report after taking it," Park said.

Park talked with a middle-aged man who was standing by nervously.

He was the child's father.

"I think I need to see an X-ray for an accurate diagnosis."

The middle-aged man asked anxiously, "It isn't serious, right?"

"Maybe the bones are broken," he said.

While the two talked, Suhyuk said, "You're brave, and you're not even crying."

Suhyuk, who carefully brought the child to a stretcher, moved the wheeled bed.

While moving to the imaging room, Suhyuk looked over at the child's body condition.

There were bruises on her arms and on her side.

Yet the child did not shed a tear. Tears were welled up just around her eyes.

"Hold on a little bit. How did you get hurt?"



"I fell."

"Where?"

At that moment, a voice suddenly popped up from the side.

"She fell from the stairs."

It was the child's father who followed with an anxious look.

At his words, Suhyuk breathed a short sigh.

A child's bones are weak, and easily broken even with a light impact.

"Will my daughter be okay?"

His voice showed his genuine concern and love for his daughter.

Suhyuk nodded his head as if to soothe him.

"She'll be okay."

Fortunately she got hurt only with fractures.

The situation would have been even worse if she had hurt her head.

"Protector, please wait a moment here."

Suhyuk went into the imaging room.

Was it because she was separated from her dad? Tears fell from her eyes.

"I will not give you a shot, I'll just take the X-ray. It does not hurt and it's quick."

The child nodded. On such occasions tears usually ran down.

Suhyuk stroked her head once. At that moment, he could notice something strange.

*'Do you have bruises on your ears?'*

The child's face was fine. Then the skin inside her right ear was dark.

*'She doesn't seem to have it hurt today.'*

The inside part of her ears was languid as if it were stuck with lots of earlobes.

The cells were dead. Of course, it will recover naturally over time.

Once he found that strange area, he felt like other parts of her body were not normal.

*'Did she say she fell from the stairs?'*

He could not find any abrasions on her body common to such an accident.

Suhyuk quickly scanned her body here and there.

If she rolled down the stairs with both hands up, could she get these kind of bruises?

One tries to instinctively protect their brains and organs. When one falls, they stretch their arms without realising it, and when one falls from the stairs, they lift their arms to wrap their heads and chests.

And her right arm was likely fractured.

"You came here for an X-ray?"

The radiation engineer approached.

"Yes, her right arm."

Suhyuk smiled at the child.

"It doesn't hurt."

Suhyuk, watch the imaging briefly, went out of the room.

"Yejin's guardian."

Her father sat up at Suhyuk's voice.

"Does she need a surgery if she has fractures?"

Suhyuk nodded his head at his uneasy voice.

"Yes, of course."

"How pitiful she is to have a surgery... It must hurt," he sighed a long sigh.

"Yeah, how much does surgery cost...?"

"Guardian."

He rubbed his face as if he were washing it, and lifted his head slowly.

He could see Suhyuk's eyes looking at him with a cool gaze.

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Her father stepped back with a flinch. For Suhyuk's piercing gaze was stinging like a sharp blade.

"Are you sure she fell from the stairs?"

He looked at Suhyuk as if he did not understand his question.

"Did you find any other parts injured...?"

Suhyuk's dry voice cut off his words.

"Does your child go to a school or kindergarten?"

At his question, he shook his head with a sigh that seemed to blame himself.

"No, she doesn't."

Suhyuk's lips were slightly twisted.

Her bruise. Even if her father did not tell him, any doctor could infer how she was hurt.

But nobody noticed it, which meant that doctors did not care about the patient.

At the guardian's description, the doctor moves like a machine and diagnoses and categorizes the patient. The resident who initially diagnosed the child or her father who was lying were the same in that they did not care enough.

"Yejin's fractures were not caused by falling from the stairs..."

Suhyuk quietly looked at the middle-aged man. His black pupil trembled a little.

"Fractures caused by violence."

*There arose a capillary in the middle-aged man's eyes because Suhyuk grabbed his neck.*

*Suhyuk pushed him to the wall and spoke eerily, "Feel the same thing!"*

*He was tripped by Suhyuk. Suhyuk put his foot on his wing bone (shoulder blade), with his body lying sprawled on the floor. He also grabbed one of his arms as if he were about*

*to break it against a fixed chair.*

*"Your arm will now break, I'll show you an X-ray of it."*

"Sir? Sir?!"

The child's father was looking at him strangely.

Suddenly he was breathing out roughly while leaning against the wall.

Suhyuk was calming his mind and breathing. He was plunging into an imagination like that before he knew it. He almost lost his mind. He shook his head to blow away the dizziness.

Suhyuk, who took his hand off the wall, looked at him straight.

"Is it you, who hit your daughter?"

He shook his head.

Suhyuk knitted his brows more and more.

The bleeding from the capillaries and veins around the site of the fracture told such a story.

A fracture caused by a blunt object. It was clear on the X-ray.

Checking it from various angles, it did not make sense that she fell down the stairs.

"I'll call the police."

Suhyuk pulled out his cell phone in his pocket.

At that moment, he heard a child's crying sound.

The child screamed in the imaging room.

Suhyuk hurriedly opened the door and went inside.

"What's the problem?"

The radiologist was holding the small child's body lying down as if he were calming down a man who had a seizure.

"This child is strange," said the radiologist.

Suhyuk quickly approached.

"Yejin, we just want to take an X-ray. We're not trying to hurt you."

"Let me go! Let me go! Dad! Dad!"

The child shouted as much as she could to get out of the radiologist's hands.

Suhyuk carefully took the child's swollen shoulders.

If a fracture occurred, the sharp bone could destroy the muscle or pop out.

Suhyuk constantly calmed the child and confirmed her condition.

*'It's not like a seizure. Why is she doing this suddenly?'*

The pupil of the child recognized things clearly.

Then, the child who rolled her feet lifted her head.

At the same time, she went to hit the back of her head on the floor.

However, Suhyuk was one step faster. He put his hand on the floor and picked up her falling head. Then the child repeated the action many times. Without Suhyuk's actions, her head would have been broken.

*'Did she hurt herself?'*

In his head, the name of a disease came to his mind.

*'Impulse control disorder?'*

It is a disease with a comprehensive symptom, which makes the patient repeat harmful actions to oneself or others.

"I'm going home! I'm going home!"

The child cried with a sore throat, and tearful eyes.

She also continued to shake her body. But two adults were holding on to it, and it was impossible for her to move.

"Yes, Yejin, I'm here. Dad is here."

Her father was beside her already.

"Dad!"

The tears on her face just stopped suddenly. Her father started hugging her gently.

"I think the child is scared, so please take a quick shot. Good daughter. It's only an X-ray."

She just nodded at his words.

She had an X-ray taken calmly as if nothing had happened. It was such a contrast to her behavior from just a moment ago. Of course, the pain she felt in her arm was reflected in her face. Suhyuk looked at the daughter and father alternately.

The father of the child who lied that she fell from the stairs, and the daughter constantly glancing at him as if he were fleeing somewhere.

If her father had been violent, one could never have found such a look in her eyes.

There was nothing like dread in her eyes looking at him.

And the act of her hitting her head on the floor. It was obviously self-injury.

When he saw her actions, he could think about her in other aspects.

A bruise in her ears, and the bruises where fractures are expected to have occurred. If she hit her arms on a desk or an object, it could easily happen, and no luck was required for it to happen.

Suhyuk opened his mouth to speak to the child's father while he watched Yejin, who had her X-ray taken gently.

"Yejin did not fall from the stairs. Why are you hiding it?"

Suhyuk's tone was full of confidence in his question.

Looking sadly at his daughter, he sighed deeply. Then he saw himself in the child's eyes and said with a small voice, "Because I wanted to curry favor with her."

Suhyuk made an expression as if he did not understand at all.

He continued, "It all began when our second baby was born. Because she complained she was sick on any day she could, we took her to the hospital many many times as if it were our house. On all such occasions, doctors said it was only her feigned sickness,



and that there was nothing wrong with her body. Still she kept saying she was sick. I gave her a scolding with a warning that she shouldn't do it again..."

Recalling the past memories, he opened his mouth again, "After she got that scolding, she began to hurt her own body. In addition, she had a habit of beating her ears with her own palms, and doing that playfully."

When he noticed it, he did not take his eyes off her for a moment. However, the scratched and torn wounds were found here and there, and he had to take her to the hospital again.

And while he was consulting with the doctor, he carefully brought it up: she was hurting herself.

Was she ashamed of it? Or did she not want to appear weird to her other friends?

She was crying and screaming to the extent that doctors shook their heads.

Going beyond making trouble with her feigned sickness, she made a big fuss at the hospital.

It was natural that the hospital staff did not like her.

He learned later that Yejin was chosen as a person that needs a watchful eye, with her name put on the blacklist. The hospital did not accept his daughter anymore. It was a refusal to treat her feigned illness, and it was decided to not give medical treatment.

So when she got hurt or was sick, he had to take her to another hospital without mentioning anything about her self-injury.

If the child heard him saying it was a self-injury, she might cause a seizure and make a fuss.

Even her homeschooling was effective only for a brief moment. His daughter's rebellious behavior became more and more intense.

And today, while he did not pay attention momentarily, his daughter struck her arm down against the TV set. It was the most severe act of hers ever.

The doctor was suspicious of any possible fractures.

Hearing all his explanation, Suhyuk sighed shortly. Yejin was suppressing her tears before her father. Did she do that to get his praise? On the other hand, she was crying

in the imaging room.

She was scared and surprised, because she was separated from her father, and the strange space could have fully stimulated the child's fear.

"She's got a fracture on the bone," the radiologist approached and said she was fortunate.

Yejin, who lied on a stretcher, told him with a white pale face.

"Dad, I did not cry."

"Yes, good daughter."

He stroked her head, lying on bed.

"Let's go," Suhyuk moved, pushing the child's bed.



A woman who was anxiously waiting outside came up hastily. She was Yejin's mother.

She wrapped her two-year-old baby in a baby blanket.

"Is she okay, sir?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Fortunately, she doesn't need surgery. She would be fine with just a cast."

Looking at the baby she was holding onto, the man said to his wife, "Is Kahyon okay?"

"Yes, he's just a little surprised."

He sighed relievedly at her words. Yejin, while holding her brother, dropped him on the floor. Then when her father approached her in a surprise, she was hitting her arm down on the TV.

So, they took their children to the hospital, but they were treated by different doctors.

Suhyuk looked at the baby in her arms quietly. He talked to the radiologist in the imaging room.

"Can I ask you to take care of Yejin?"

The radiologist nodded gladly.

And Suhyuk told her father, "Can I talk with you briefly?"

He nodded his head.

"First of all, I'm sorry I misunderstood you as an assaultant."

At Suhyuk's words, he smiled bitterly.

"It's okay, It can happen. I appreciate it. You don't look like other doctors. By the way, what do you want to say?"

"I saw those bruises on her body. It seems she had them because she pinched herself, right?"

He sighed and nodded. He also made an expression wondering how he could figure it out.

Suhyuk was able to firmly establish his thoughts at his reply.

"You can't correct her behavior just with discipline."

Suhyuk had pulled out one piece of the vast medical knowledge he kept stored in his head. Yejin's behavior was explained with this.

"It seems to be a munchausen syndrome."

"What is it?"

"It is a mental illness that causes a desire for the interest and compassion from others."

Her illness was not just one. Impulse control disorder seemed to have attacked her.

Even though one who has this disease knows their behavior is harmful to themselves and others, one does not stop committing such violence and self-harm. Besides, she also has munchausen syndrome.

It is a desire to receive the attention of others by using falsehood and self-harm.

His eyes became wider at Suhyuk's explanation.

He thought she might have a mental illness, but it was hard for him to admit it when he heard it from the doctor directly. She was an adorable child he did not beat with his

hands even once.

"Are you sure? Are you really sure? Really? What is the cause?"

Amid his questions asked with an unbelievable expression, Suhyuk recalled the mother and the baby the mother held in her arms.

"I think it's because of her brother."

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"Because of her brother? What do you mean...?"

"It looks like Yejin is suffering from munchausen syndrome."

Her father felt as if his heart was sinking. He never heard of or saw such a illness.

How did she have such a mental illness...

Suhyuk opened his mouth again at the father who was making a confused expression, "You can think of it as sort of her overzealous behavior that caused Yejin tp behave like that when her brother was born."

"Do you mean she was jealous of her brother?"

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly.

"As I told you, it is an illness that wants to bring out the interest and compassion of others. Think about why Yejin has continued to behave like that."

The father covered his face with both hands. He could see her face in the darkness, hidden within his palms.



*He drank so much that he could not figure out whether the world was trembling or if he was shaking when he got back home. "Dad!" With bright smiles Yejin was opening her two arms to welcome him. He made a frown. It was almost 12 am.*

*Staggering into the porch, he looked around while squeezing at the last bits of strength left in the muscles in his legs.*

*"Honey, how come Yejin has not gone to sleep at this late hour?"*

*"Mom is sleeping with Kahyon."*

*He let out a sigh before he knew it.*

*"Go to sleep quickly."*

*He grabbed her hands to take her to her room.*

*He laid her on bed and stood up.*

*"I am not sleepy yet," said Yejin.*

*"Still, you have to sleep."*

*He felt so sluggish, and he felt his eyelids would close at once. He missed his bed so much. He was sick and tired of everything.*

*Did his daughter realize that he was working his fingers to the bone day and night to feed the family? She could not understand.*

*He turned off the light in her room and came out. She, who lay in bed in the dark room, was looking at him through the gap of the door.*

*That day he brought his unfinished work home. It was an important work for him to finish by dawn and report it to his boss early in the morning.*

*"Dad, is the computer interesting?"*

*"Dad is working, so go to Mom."*

*"Mom is feeding Kahyon now."*

*He felt some sort of annoyance coming over him.*

*"Then, go and watch TV. "*

*"What is this?"*

*She looked at the document folder with a curious look.*

*At that moment, the documents he had sorted out fluttered and shuffled because she touched them, which then scattered here and there.*

*His pent-up stress burst into the open at that moment.*

*"I told you go to your Mom!"*

*She was close to tears at his shouting.*

*"Hey, honey! Just take her away!"*

*"I told you Kahyon seems to have a fever!"*

*"Don't you see I'm working now?"*



Why did he not notice it back then?

Yejin clung to his arms and would not go away when he was so happy that Kahyon was born, and when he was soothing Kahyon crying and whining. Her silent shouting to him to look at her hair with a cute pin. Why did he not notice it then?

Even when he was back home very late after work, Yejin was always waiting for him.

It was only an excuse that he could not find any time to play because he was tired.

His wife paid all her attention to her brother, and he repeatedly lied down, heavily drunk, like a man who fell in a faint.

"Huuuuuhh..."

A sigh came out between his fingers covering his face.

He wished he had listened more carefully to her words and offered more praises to her...

He once again recalled her hugging him, returning home, appealing to him despite having bruises on her knees.

Though she must have felt sore on her knees, she was obviously laughing.

Wiping down his face, he said, "Can you treat her?"

That was his only concern.

Suhyuk smiled slightly.

"Munchausen syndrome is an illness that not only the doctor can treat," he said.

His eyes were getting bigger... What was he talking about?

Suhyuk opened his mouth again.

"A parents' attention can make Yejin better."



When he realized the meaning of his words, Suhyuk said, "Still she needs medication. Her impulse control disorders came to her due to complicated reasons, so do not forget to tell the doctor exactly what her exact illness is. Don't forget that sometimes your family can become the better doctor."

Suhyuk walked back. Yejin's father looked at his back.

Suhyuk's words continued to ring in his head.

Tears were coming down his red eyes before he knew it.

He moved his feet. Now he was running.

*'Yejin, I'm coming to you now.'*

Suhyuk looked at him passing by quickly and smiled.

"That's it. Please go and fix her illness. "



Two weeks passed.

After she was discharged, Yejin came to Suhyuk with a half cast. Of course she was with her parents. Suhyuk bent his knees and faced her in the eyes.

"Does your arm hurt a lot?"

"It doesn't hurt now."

The girl holding her father's hand tightly shook her head from side to side.

Suhyuk smiled happily and stood up, and he told her parents, "To celebrate her discharge, just treat her to some delicious food."

Her dad nodded, and with all his sincerity, he said shortly, "Thank you."

The doctor before him looked different from other doctors. Yes, he was definitely different.

Aside from pinpointing the exact cause of his daughter's disease, Suhyuk reminded him quickly about what he had usually forgotten.

"I just took family leave for my daughter."

Suhyuk smiled, saying, "Good job!"

Waving at them, Suhyuk walked back.



The interns walking about briskly were busy. Among them was Suhyuk.

As he had completed one month of pediatric internship, he was moving to another department.

One intern spoke heartily, "Finally we're freed from the witch!"

Resident Oh Heejin, a pediatrician who supervised them and supervised them some more.

She earned such a nickname because she gave them such a hard time and sometimes shouting at them.

Of course, Suhyuk was an exception.

She occasionally played a prank on him, calling him the 'Prince of blood collection.'

But there would be no such meeting again. It was because the pediatric department was not what he wanted to do later as a specialisation. This time he was supposed to go to the thoracic surgery department.



"Hello, sir!"

The interns greeted him with a loud voice.

Resident Lim Kyungsoo looked up at their faces and opened his mouth.

"Okay, I'm Lim Kyungsoo. Let's do a good job for a month. Don't make any trouble, Okay?"

"Yeah!"

"As you are scheduled for making the rounds, the professor will be with you soon.

Don't make any mistakes."

Lim, looking at the interns with a tired look, reviewed the patient's medical records and identified the patients the professors were supposed to check.

Originally, the schedule was canceled today, but suddenly he was rescheduled for the rounds, so he was hectically busy. Within a minute, Lim had a prepared chart on one side, and he moved ahead of the interns.

"You've arrived, sir."

At his words, Professor Han Myungjin of the thoracic surgery department nodded his head.

He had a slim figure with glasses, with a thin jawline.

"Are these the new interns?"

"Yes, sir."

Han Myungjin looked at the interns one by one.

At that moment, an intern came into his eyes, making them become wider. It was none other than Lee Suhyuk. He was very much surprised at Suhyuk. He was the very professor that said he located a patient's C line in the emergency situation.

"I wondered where you were gone to, but only now do I begin to see you."

"Hello, sir."

Lim Kyungsoo carefully asked the professor, "Do you know this intern?"

Of course, he knew him. The intern who came out on TV because he caught a suspect. And he was rumored to be a godly collector of blood from patients at the pediatric department. That's what the professor knew about him. He did not pretend to know him on purpose, even though the intern was only a trainee.

However, if he praises an intern, it could disturb discipline.

Han Myungjin, who fixed his eyes on Suhyuk, opened his mouth, "We boarded a helicopter together."

*'And he was also a monster.'*

Catching the central vein in the chest was a technique that only a surgeon with lots of experience could apply. The doctor had to pierce the needle without incision of the patient and reach the central vein precisely. It was also a dangerous procedure where one could touch the surrounding organs. Then, this PK student made it, and did that without any hesitation. He still could not believe it, but it actually happened.

As such, Suhyuk has appeared before him again as an intern.

"Let's go."

When the professor said shortly, Lim walked ahead, followed by the professor slowly. The nurse, the interns, and Suhyuk followed in a line.

Han, arriving at the clinic, showed a soft smile toward the patient.

"Do you feel anything uncomfortable?"

"I feel a little uncomfortable in my stomach. I'm otherwise okay."

A 21-year-old male. He was diagnosed with a duodenal ulcer and received intermittent treatment at another hospital. Suddenly though, he felt abdominal pain and visited Daehan hospital.

The professor, looking at the patient smiling, opened his mouth again.

"You'll be okay in a little while, Mr Im."

"Yes, professor."

"Show me the patient's chart."

The professor, who it was handed over to, examined the abdominal CT of the patient.

"Where is Lee Suhyuk?"

At his voice, Suhyuk, who was mixed among the nurses and interns, came forward.

"Yes, professor."

He showed the chart to Suhyuk.

"Why did you give it to me..."

"What does this mean?"

At the professor's question, Suhyuk looked at the photographs.

So did the nurses and interns who were standing behind. They peeked at the chart on and off.

It was a CT photo. All that was visible was only a mostly black photograph, with the rest of it made up of grays and whites.

"Don't you know the answer?"

When the professor opened his mouth again, Suhyuk lifted his head, "I see multiple spots of free air, and a wall thickening of the duodenum. I think there is a liquid surrounding it."

Professor Han then asked the resident, "What did Mr Lim tell me about this CT scan?"

Lim, scratching his head, opened his mouth, "I said it was duodenal perforation."

The professor looked at Suhyuk this time, "Is this a duodenal perforation?"

Suhyuk hesitated for a moment and opened his mouth, "Peritonitis perforation."

With strange eyes, the professor asked the interns standing behind quietly, "Who do you think is right?"

When they were asked, they felt a cold sweat flowing along their spines.

They could not answer the professors' questions properly enough all this time.

However, there were two interns that answered in unison, "It seems to be a duodenal perforation."

# Chapter 62

Those interns were just following the resident's opinions blindly.

The professor shook his head and laughed. And he came into the hallway to see the next patient. Han Myungjin quietly spoke to Lim Kyungsoo, who came close to him, "They are horrible interns you know. They just accept the resident's opinion like a law. Don't you think so?"

Lim bowed his head with a bitter expression. He knew the professor was scolding him quietly so that the nurses and interns in the back would not hear. Lim recalled Suhyuk, who was walking behind.

What he said was the right answer. He later found out that it was a perforative peritonitis rather than a duodenal perforation. He personally checked and inferred from the answer from a huge numbers of CTs circulating on the internet and studied them hard enough, even to the point of having nosebleeds, but he did not offer the right answer in actual practice.

Did Lee Suhyuk look into and study CTs alone? If that's the case, how hard did he study? Probably thousands more CTs than himself? He might have looked into it much more than that, otherwise it was impossible to understand his ability.



It took 30 minutes for them to make the rounds.

Suhyuk answered without any hesitation at the professor's questions.

On such occasions the fellow interns studied Lim's face.

For Suhyuk seemed to offer his opinion tactlessly. Lim Kyungsoo's face was getting harder and harder. After the rounds, the professor patted Suhyuk on the shoulder a few times.

And he, with a mysterious smile, turned around and walked away.

Suhyuk looked at his back quietly.

The professor's attitude toward patients was different from other professors'. It was seen when he got on the helicopter and even now.

Professor Han, who got on the elevator, was seen smiling between the closed doors.

So when the door was completely closed, Suhyuk recalled the image of him when he met Prof. Han for the first time: a real doctor.



During the next three days, the interns followed Lim Kyungsoo and experienced various things. They learned a lot about symptoms, diseases, disinfection, and treatment.

On such occasions, Lim would ask Suhyuk a question while examining the patient, "Why would I give the patient a herniotomy?"

"You would do it very rarely and only when you suspect the possibility of a hernia."

"What can you confirm by doing ultrasound?"

"If there is a lump."

Lim could not help but shake his head. For Suhyuk answered his patient's medical history without any hesitation.

"What about the gallbladder?"

"It's located at the bottom of rib nine. It can move with one's breathing."

"What about solitary? What about diabetic nephropathy?"

Lim named all the diseases his patients were suffering from.

*'Please say you do not know at least one! You are an intern, not a resident!'*

His dear wish like that did not come true, because Suhyuk did not hesitate to open his mouth for a second, and he had no more charts to show him. He showed all his patients to Suhyuk.

Late in the evening he released the interns.

"You guys did a good job today. Go home and relax."



Nobody believed his words because they had to wake up in the middle of sleep anytime when they had a call from him. Giving greetings to each other, they went back to their lodgings.

No, Suhyuk was an exception.

"Follow me," said Lim to Suhyuk.

Suhyuk followed Lim without any objection to the veranda at the end of the corridor.

Lim offered a canned coffee to Suhyuk.

"Thank you."

"What the hell kind of person are you?"

Suhyuk laughed bitterly, saying, "I'm just an intern, Lee Suhyuk."

*'Yeah, you're an intern in name only.'*

It seemed as if a senior resident was acting like an intern.

How much did he study before he could become an intern like that?

Of course, the situation would be different when it came to actual surgery or when he was in the operating room. But he was really great as far as his medical knowledge was concerned.

Lim, after taking a sip of coffee, said implicitly, "Did you study medicine by yourself since high school?"

Suhyuk was troubled for a while.

Have I ever studied? No. After the traffic accident, he lost all his memories. There was only one thing left. Medical science. Yes, medical science.

"I studied it from my middle school days."

That was right, because he opened his eyes at that time.

Lim would not have believed it even if he had mentioned 'I learned it in my dreams.'

Lim's eyes glared slightly.

*'How can you study medical science from so early on? Is he a genius that comes into the world on occasion? A genius, who, without a calculator, answers a sum of astronomical figures. A genius who precisely plays the same tunes on the piano that he has heard only once.*

*It's possible he belonged to such a genius group.'*

While he thought about such things, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Sorry."

"What?"

"In front of the professor..."

"Oh, you don't have to feel sorry. You just answered the professor's questions. My answer was wrong, and that's all. I'm not a timid guy, so never mind it!"

Lim laughed bitterly when he said that.

It was true that he felt offended at the time.

For the intern gave the right when he himself was wrong, and did that in front of the professor and the interns he should be teaching. Nonetheless, he blew away such a feeling.

He admitted that Suhyuk was better than him at deducing the disease of a patient by checking a CT or the patient's condition.

*'Did he not say that he studied medical science since middle school? How much did he look into CTs and studied diseases?'*

Though his pride was hurt a bit, he had to admit it that Lee Suhyuk was better at deducing the disease.

Of course, he was much better than Suhyuk in other areas, such as when it came to the technique of touching the patient directly in surgery or the treatment in the operating room.

His thinking reaching that far, he smiled bitterly, because he was comparing himself to an intern with only two months of internship. Drinking up the coffee, he erased such thoughts.

"Don't be proud of your ability, and study hard to the end. I called you to say this."

It was a piece of advice with his sincerity.

Suhyuk heard so many times about those who, called a genius, set foot on the path of a medical doctor. But their pride ruined themselves and led to the patient's death sometimes. Rather than a piece of advice, it was a counsel for him. Did Suhyuk feel his sincerity?

Suhyuk bowed his head slightly and said, "Thank you."

"Go home and relax. I won't call you unless I have to. Are you off tomorrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay. See you the day after tomorrow!"

"Yes. Take care!"

Suhyuk went out into the corridor, while Lim looked up at the night sky.

The days passed by with him taking care of the patients every day, leaving him exhausted with tiredness.

How many times a day did he think about sleeping... Whenever he had patients, he just took care of them mechanically. No more or no less.

In the middle of this, intern Lee Suhyuk made a small wave in his heart, which made him full of a desire to learn as an intern following the residents. It was close being a desire that he did not want to be left behind.

Returning to his lodging, Suhyuk smiled slightly.

He felt that he would get some scolding from Lim because he might have appeared conceited.

He felt all along from his days as a PK trainee that doctors were really authoritarian. But the thoracic surgery department doctors were different. The sincere advice of the resident, and professor Han Myungjin who cared about the patient like a family member.

Suhyuk once again made up his mind. He was going to be a doctor.

If he could save the patient and if such a life threatening situation happens, he would move without hesitation.

He did not need to hide his skills. A doctor is a person who saves lives. He had no intention at all of getting tangled in authoritarian strings.

And he had something to do. It was learning.

He had to expand his learning and insights to fix Hana's father's legs.

And another thing, namely doing it for his own dream.



On a Sunday morning, Suhyuk went out of the hospital. Getting on a bus, he got off at the market and walked down a familiar alley. Hana's Rice and Soup store. It was lunchtime, so there were many customers.

"How are you?"

Suhyuk went inside and greeted Hana, who was busy with waiting tables.

She stopped, looking at Suhyuk.

Knitting her brows, she opened her mouth, "Why did you come again like this?"

"Hey, are you not serving soju here?"

At the customer's shouting, she glanced at Suhyuk and headed to the refrigerator.

Suhyuk, who scratched his head slightly, turned to the kitchen.

"Hello."

Hana's father greeted him gladly.

"You just got here? Doctors are not busy on Sundays?"

"I'm off today," Suhyuk said, rolling his sleeves, and turned to the sink.

Hana's father did not stop him. Even if he did, he would do the opposite just like a tree frog.

Doing the dishes, he looked at his legs. He just felt his heart was aching as if a thorn had been put in it whenever he saw Hana's father walking with a limp.

"How are your legs?"

Hana's father, while putting rice in a pot, smiled like a good man.

"I feel just okay. And I don't feel uncomfortable when walking."

Suhyuk took a short sigh. No matter who saw him, he was lying when he said he did not feel uncomfortable walking with limp like that. *'Please wait a little longer.'*

Suhyuk once again focused on doing the dishes.

It was almost 2 o'clock in the afternoon when he was done with waiting tables and doing the dishes being hectically busy.

The customers went out like a tide, and Suhyuk came out of the kitchen, wiping off his wet hands, and he approached Hana who was polishing the tables.

"Let me clean this table," said Suhyuk.

"No, I'll do it," she said, and turned to another table when he approached.

"Suhyuk, she seems to be mad because you don't come here often these days," said Hana's father.

At his voice coming out from the kitchen, she answered with a sharp voice, "Dad! When did I feel like that?"

"Oh boy, why are you screaming like that if you didn't feel that way. Suhyuk, you did not eat lunch, right? Hana, bring him some rice."

"I'll take it."

Suhyuk moved to the kitchen, but Hana moved faster.

"Would you just stay here instead of standing in the way?"

Suhyuk was forced to sit quietly at her sharp gaze.

Shortly after, rice and simple side dishes were placed before him.

"It's not free," she said, and went back into the kitchen.

When he was about to eat, he overheard the conversation between Hana and her father.

"Hana, did you see the meat I had cut here? I put aside some quality meat here."

"How would I know, daddy?"

At their conversation Suhyuk could not help but smile. For he found more meat than usual in his pot.

"Thanks for the food."

A spoon with plenty of meat and pork. Suhyuk opened his mouth wide to eat it.

He made a pleasant smile. He felt it was more delicious this time as he had not had that rice soup in such a long time. While he was eating a late lunch, Hana came out of the kitchen, and she watched the TV channel indifferently and then glanced at him.

"Does it taste so delicious?"

Suhyuk, full of meat in his mouth, nodded his head, laughing instead of answering.

Turning her head to the TV, she said lightly, "You look like you are going around without eating. So, eat a lot."

At that moment, she heard the door opening gently.

With a slight smile, she said, "Come on in. How many are you?"

A man in neat suit came in through the door.

The man looked around, as if he thought to himself why there was a place like this.

Checking inside the store with a curious look, he smiled a bit.

"It's been a long time," said the man.

"Who are you?"

When her big eyes glanced at the man with wonder, Suhyuk recognized him immediately.

He did not feel good at all. Neither did the man who had also recognized Suhyuk.

## Chapter 63

"Are you Kim Insoo by any chance?" asked Hana, in a bit of a surprised voice.

He nodded at Hana, "You remember me?"

"Sure, I do. We're high school alumni."

Actually his behavior as a person was registered more in her mind than of him as an alumnus.

Kim Insoo, in his capacity as a student, gave all kinds of expensive gifts to her, but his facial expression was so icy back then that she wondered if he really liked her.

Of course, she refused all his gifts.

Looking around, Kim looked at her again.

"Do you work at a place like this?"

She knitted her brows at his words.

"What's wrong with this kind of place?"

She was an employee at a large company. She only helped his father on evenings during the week and weekends, but she did not feel it necessary to go to the trouble of explaining that to him.

At her curt reply, Kim smiled a gentle smile, one that she could never see during their school days.

"I was just curious. That's all."

Kim now directed his gaze at Suhyuk. The smile that he showed a while ago disappeared quickly. *'Even then, you guys always stuck together like this.'*

Looking at Suhyuk quietly, he opened his mouth, "It's been a long time since we last met."

"Yes, it's been a while. I heard you went abroad to study. You've since come back?"

Suhyuk asked, wiping his lips slowly.

Kim nodded and then beckoned to him to sit down, saying, "Just enjoy the food that you're eating."

"Have you come here to eat lunch?" asked Hana, heading to the kitchen.

"Yes, I have come to eat," said Kim.

"Just wait here with Suhyuk," said Hana.

Kim, who slowly nodded his head, sat down opposite Suhyuk, saying, "You became a doctor?"

*'How did he know? Maybe he heard it from Inbae or from the rumors going around. It does not matter, anyway.'*

"I'm still an intern. How about you?"

At his question, Kim only stared at the rice with soup that Suhyuk was eating.

Then he opened his mouth, "Just... I've been lazing about idle like this."

Though he said he was idle, he had been getting training to become the successor to his father's business. Hana, who approached without them realising, put a pot of rice and soup before Kim.

"I think you came here on purpose, so have a lot," she said.

He, showing a slight smile, lifted the spoon and tasted a bit of the soup.

He frowned momentarily, but no one noticed it because it disappeared in an instant.

"Tastes good. Any alcohol?"

At his words, Hana frowned her pretty face, with her arms folded.

"You want alcohol at such a time during the day?"

Saying that, she brought out a bottle of soju.

Kim Insoo was looking at the bottle here and there briefly. Then he took the lid off and put it down in front of Suhyuk.



"Seeing as it's been a long time, let me fill your glass."

Suhyuk, who showed some sort of hesitation, held out his glass.

He thought it would be okay to have a few glasses of soju.

Kim, filling his glass, asked both of them, "Are you two dating?"

"Hey! What nonsense are you talking about?" screamed Hana, suddenly surprised.

Kim, with a gentle smile, looked at her while filling his glass, saying, "Really?"

Though he said that playfully, his eyes were still calm.

"We're not dating. Just friends," said Suhyuk, offering a glass to him.

Then a voice popped out from behind.

"From a friend to a lover. When a man and a woman meet, they change their relationship in one way or another."

It was Hana's father.

"Dad, don't speak such nonsense."

Coming out of the kitchen, Hana's father looked at Kim with a smile.

"Are you Hana's friend?"

Kim bowed his head slightly. That was the end of the greeting.

"Okay, okay. Just enjoy the food a lot."

He walked with a limp to the door to throw away the garbage.

"Dad, let me throw away the garbage."

"No, no, you just stay here and think about how to get married."

So, Suhyuk and Kim Insoo were left alone.

Kim, who slowly nodded his head in pensive mood, emptied his glass at once.

And then he, knitting his brows, looked at his glass.

"It tastes bitter."

"One drinks alcohol because it tastes bitter," said Suhyuk.

Likewise Suhyuk emptied his glass and refilled a glass for Kim.

"Are you having fun as a doctor?"

At his words, Suhyuk's face hardened a bit, "Saving people's lives is not for fun."

His expression soon turned into a smile in no time. Both their eyes met momentarily and strangely got entangled in the air.

The first reaction came from Kim, who said, "Strangely enough, I can't drink much today. I think I'll get intoxicated if I have any more."

Kim poured his remaining alcohol into the rice and soup pot and stood up.

At that moment, Hana and her father, who had gone out the door, came back in.

Hana, stared at him with a dubious look, asking, "Are you going already?"

"Suddenly something came up. How much?"

As soon as he took his hand to his suit pocket, she quickly opened her mouth, "Just go. I think you came here on purpose. Don't worry about the check."

"Okay, then. Thanks for the food. Let me stop by from time-to-time."

Kim bowed slightly to her father and looked at Suhyuk quietly.

"I'll see you again," and he muttered, *'For sure, we'll meet again.'*

Kim Insoo left the store.

Suhyuk stared at the door where Kim disappeared from.

Whether in high school or now, there was something mysterious about him.

"What's going on? Kim didn't eat it at all?"

She, like Suhyuk, looked at the door where Kim disappeared from.



*A dark night.*

Suhyuk was crossing a pedestrian overpass.

Underneath it, leaving behind long tails of the lights, cars ran past in with a loud noise.

*'Tomorrow's surgery observation session is in order.'*

He heard it from resident Lim Kyungsoo that the professor was going to invite all interns assigned to the thoracic surgery department to it.

Maybe it's a light surgery, judging from the professor's mention of taking up the interns.

"Lee Suhyuk!"

When he turned back, Hana, who had been following him, stopped with a short breath.

"Why did you follow me?"

When Suhyuk approached her, she reached out her hand. She was holding the cellphone he left behind at the store.

"Are you going to annoy me like this?"

Suhyuk, with a sorry look, received the cellphone.

"I forgot about it... thank you."

She, knitting her brows, looked at him, saying, "You just say 'Thank you' with words only?"

Suhyuk checked the time. It was 9 pm.

The bus schedule showed the last bus going to the hospital was still available.

"How about getting coffee?"

At his asking, she shook her head, "I have to go back to the store to clean up."

Suhyuk nodded, waving his hand and turned back.

She looked at his turning back prudishly.

Sometimes she made a friendly face to him, and sometimes she made a brusque one like now.

"Hey!"

Her voice made him turn back again.

"Uh?"

"Let me take a walk for a while with you. You get the bus down from there. Let's go."

She started walking down the road ahead of him.

She seemed to be annoyed, but there was no way of him understanding it.

Suhyuk and Hana walked side by side on the stairs.

Suhyuk spoke first, "Do you like your job?"

"Which place? The Rice and Soup store? Or my company?"

"Yes, your company."

She swept her hair and shook her head, saying, "My popularity at the company never goes down."

Her reply was far from a lie. It was common for her boss to ask her out for morning coffee or for lunch. And then after work, her peers or supervisors at the company would follow her to the bus stop asking for a drink or for dinner. Such a thing happened again now. She checked her cellphone messages and showed one to him. The message read like this: 'It's cold in the air tonight. I wonder if I'm drunk as I keep thinking about you. Cover up with a blanket so you won't catch a cold. See you tomorrow.'

"See?"

Checking the message, he felt as if he was getting goose bumps.

"If he had a drink, he should go to sleep. Why is he thinking of you?"

Suhyuk took her cellphone lightly and then touched the screen a few times, returning it to her. Her eyes grew wider slightly after she checked it.

‘Kim Hana has a boyfriend already.’ The message was about to be sent with after pressing the send button.

Hana felt her face blushing, “What do you mean by this?”

Suhyuk laughed and said, "You said they're annoying. So, you can just get a boyfriend."

"Where and how do I get a boyfriend when I don't have one?"

"I can be yours."

Her eyes looking at the stairs turned bigger. She felt her heart was throbbing as if it were about to pop out. Not to be caught, Hana took her hand to her left chest.

“If they harass you, just bring them to me. On such occasions, let me play the role of your boyfriend!”

At his words, she let out a little sigh. After all, what he meant by that was just playing a boyfriend role for her. *‘What a stupid guy... How a silly man like him entered a prestigious university and how he could become a doctor...’*

When they went down the stairs without saying anything, a cold voice came out of her mouth, "Let me take my leave first, Good night."

Suhyuk made an awkward look at her walking back up the stairs, thinking to himself, *‘Did I do something wrong?’*

At that moment.

*Thump!*

Hana, walking up the stairs, and Suhyuk looking at her, turned their heads to the side quickly.

There was a blue light flickering on the crosswalk, and the bumpy wheel of a fallen bicycle was rolling loudly. There was a man in his early twenties who had been thrown out onto the crosswalk.

Suhyuk moved reflexively and approached him instantly.

“Are you okay? Can you hear me?”

At his asking, the man nodded his head and stood up.

At that moment, the driver who hit the bike owner ran towards him.

"Are you okay? Do you hear me?"

The staggering victim tried to lift up the bike, but collapsed on the ground weakly.

Suhyuk shouted at him, "How can you ride a bike when you're like that?"

The man waved the victim's shoulders gently, who collapsed as if he were wrapping the bike.

"Are you okay?"

He just groaned, but did not move at all.

"Call 119... No, we're going to take him to the hospital. Open the back door!"

It was faster to move directly to the hospital by car than to wait for an ambulance.

The driver nodded absent-mindedly and opened the car door.

Suhyuk put his hand on the armpits of the victim and carefully pulled him.

The victim had a light scratch on his back and face, but he did not recover his consciousness.

He may have had his brain damaged or have abdominal bleeding. His condition was far from light.

"Let's pull him together..."

The driver came to him and grabbed the victim's two legs.

At that moment, Hana shouted, "Suhyuk!"

It was too late, though. He did not see a motorcycle dashing toward him like a bullet.

With the noisy sound of a loud klaxon horn from the motorcycle, he had his shoulders pushed hard to the side.

# Chapter 64

Suhyuk's body was pushed back and turned abruptly.

When he was about to fall down, he could barely keep his balance with his one hand holding the victim's head.

Suhyuk scowled. Intense pain that started from his shoulder shriveled down his spine.

He moved his shoulders, and felt a stinging pain coming up to his brain, but he found his bones moving as they should. He also gave strength to his muscles. As expected, he found the muscles to be very sore. *'It's not too bad.'*

The condition of his shoulders showed it was just a bruise.

Suhyuk's head turned to the side to the loud exhaust sound.

He looked at the man riding the bike wearing a helmet.

It seemed as if the rider was watching him from the distance, but then he soon disappeared.

Seeing the motorcycle disappearing, Suhyuk turned his head and opened his mouth, "I'm going to Daehan hospital."

The driver with his eyes wide nodded and moved the victim with Suhyuk.

When he was getting into the back seat of the car, Hana came to him quickly, asking, "Suhyuk, are you okay?"

"I'm okay."

"Are you really okay?"

At a loss of what to do, she looked at Suhyuk's arm here and there.

He lifted his wounded arm and gave strength to it.

"Yes, I'm really okay. Let me go now. I'm afraid your father is waiting for you. So go back quickly."

When Suhyuk closed the door, the driver quickly grabbed the steering wheel.

The car then drove quickly like an arrow. Kim Hana pulled the left behind bike to the sidewalk, and watched the disappearing car leaving a red light behind like a tail.

She was full of worries about him rather than the victim's safety.

Meanwhile, Suhyuk in the car checked the patient's condition.

"What's your name? Can you see me?"

There were short sighs flowing out of his mouth that scattered into the air.

The driver's eyes were reflected in the rear mirror.

"I'm sorry I fell asleep for a moment..."

His sharp eyes were reflected in the rearview mirror.

"You should not feel sorry to me. Please apologize to him when he wakes up."



Suhyuk went into the emergency room and laid the victim on an empty bed.

The nurse on call walked to Suhyuk with surprised eyes.

"Do you know the victim?"

She was the one he had known him since his PK days.

"No. I took him here right after he had a traffic accident in front of my eyes."

And then he was hectically busy taking care of the victim.

The patient monitor that checks blood pressure, pulse, body temperature, etc. was wrapped around the victim's body instantly.

While the machine was registering the patient's body condition, Suhyuk lifted his eyebrows, and he illuminated the patient's eyes with the pen light.

There was a pupil with no visible movement, and no consciousness.

"Lee Suhyuk?"



Resident Oh Byungchul approached.

Was he off today because he was not wearing a gown?

Oh checked the patient's condition quickly and opened his mouth, "Do you know him?"

"No, he was caught in a traffic accident in front of my eyes..."

Suhyuk's eyes were becoming wider rapidly. The patient monitor was showing a danger signal...

The patient's blood pressure was dropping visibly while his pulse was soaring.

When Suhyuk was about to speak up, Oh said first, "Hey, please take a scan of him now!"

"Yes."

When the bed was moved by the nurse, Suhyuk searched the victim's clothes.

Fortunately, he could find his wallet and cellphone.

"Let me contact his guardian."

Oh nodded at his words. It did not matter who made the call as long as he could get consent for surgery from his guardian.

Suhyuk confirmed that the victim's mobile phone was working. Fortunately, he could easily find his parents' contact because it was unlocked.

There was a short beep on the phone, and out came a middle-aged woman's voice.

"Why don't you come back home quickly? Are you coming late again?"

At her crispy voice he wore a bitter face.

"Hello, I'm calling you from Daehan hospital. Are you Park Janghu's mother?"

"Well, I am. Why are you calling with my son's cell phone?"

"He was in a traffic accident and taken to the emergency room."

"What?" cried she with a surprised voice.

Suhyuk calmly continued, "I think Mr. Park needs emergency surgery, so you have to consent to the surgery."

"Yes, of course. Was he hurt a lot? Which hospital did you say?"

"It's Daehan hospital."

"Surgery or whatever treatment, please go ahead with it now! Please save my son's life! *Boohoo!*"

"Yes, our doctors will do their best. You can come here now. "

"*Boohoo!* Yeah, let me come to you right now!"

Suhyuk got the verbal consent and hung up the phone.

At that moment Oh came to him.

"Hey, how do you judge whether or not the patient needs surgery?"

A surgery decision was usually made only after the patient's condition was checked first, such as which area and how much he or she was hurt.

And there were non-surgical treatments in many cases.

At his scolding, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "He seemed to have abdominal hemorrhage."

His was a stubborn voice. There was no visible wound on his body, and his blood pressure and pulse went up and down. That indicated that the heart was trying to send blood to the whole body briskly.

In other words, It was a sign that the blood was insufficient in the body.

He could figure out the blood levels without checking. Obviously the injured organs would be pouring blood inside the body.

"Hey, that's your own belief. What if the patient's guardian makes a fuss if you're mistaken? Huh?" asked Oh.

Then the nurse rushed toward them hastily.

"I think he seems to be suffering from a spleen injury. I think he needs a surgery right now."

Oh, blinking his eyes, looked at Suhyuk, and asked the nurse, "Really?"

"Yes, if you look here..."

The nurse went to a PC on one side. Then she showed the scans taken of the patient.

Oh, looking at the screen quietly, made an awkward laugh.

Momentarily he felt Suhyuk looked like a fortune teller.

Oh contacted the thoracic surgeon team quickly.

Then he turned around and said to Suhyuk, "How did you know?"

Oh then looked around himself because Suhyuk had disappeared somewhere. But he located him in his sight immediately.

He was standing next to a man wearing a grim face.



Suhyuk was staring at the driver.

"I'll call the police now," said Suhyuk.

The driver let out a big sigh, and said, "It happened because I dozed off... Huuhh..."

Despite his dismal voice, Suhyuk's eyes were icy because he could smell alcohol from his mouth.

When Suhyuk was about to call the police, the man told him as if he was begging, "Let me get an agreement from the guardian to settle this."

However, Suhyuk said with a decisive voice, "There is a hospital protocol we have to follow, and I can't do anything about it."

At his cold voice, the man sat down on his chair helplessly as if he lost all his strength.

Suhyuk did not care about his feelings or reaction, and called the police.

Oh, who had been listening to the whole conversation between them, approached Suhyuk.

They moved a little distance away from the driver who caused the accident, and Oh

opened his mouth, "Well done young man. Drunk drivers are potential murderers and need to be reported."

Saying so, Oh looked at Suhyuk with a bemused expression.

His coping with the patient was really quick. He treated patients swiftly like those with years of experience in the emergency room. Besides, he was called the 'Prince of Blood Collection' at the pediatrics department, and the 'CT Genius' at the surgery department. It meant that he was just that good at CT analysis.

Oh suddenly asked, "What was your nickname in high school?"

"I didn't have one."

At his response, Oh made a curious expression. Was there anyone without a nickname in school? It is a possibility.

Prince of Blood Collection? CT Genius? Oh laughed slightly.

*'When you're later assigned to the Emergency Department, then I'll give you a proper nickname.'*

He patted Suhyuk on the shoulder several times.

"Keep an eye on that man so that he can't run away," Oh said, and then approached the surgery team who rushed into the emergency room and looked at them.

Suhyuk turned his head slightly and looked at them.

He could visualize the surgical scene in his head.

The ruptured part of the spleen is removed, and then the ends are sutured back together.

Though it was not a dangerous surgery, it was not an easy one either.

With a delicate caring touch, the hard time for both the doctor and the patient would soon pass.

When the staff of the surgical team disappeared, Suhyuk fixed his gaze on the driver again.

The man was making a blank look. It was no use for him to regret what he had done

now. The accident already happened, and he would have to pay a reasonable price for it.

At that moment, Suhyuk felt a painful soreness in the shoulder. With the situation involving the accident finally being sorted out, he began to feel the pain that he had forgotten. Suhyuk took off his clothes. He could see that the skin turned pale.

He let out a sigh without realising it. He thought he would have to suffer through a hard time for a few days first before he would get better.

Suddenly, the man who struck him and then rode away came to his mind.

He could not identify his assailant's face because he was covered by a helmet.

He instantly figured out that there was no CCTV installed in that area.

He knew it because he used to walk on that road whenever he visited Hana's Rice & Soup store.

*'Should I report it?'*

His agony did not last long. He felt that he had to report it in order to remind the police of the hit-and-run driver in the past. Suhyuk waited for the police to arrive.

At that moment the emergency room door opened and there was a fuss.

"These sons of bitches! Get them all behind the bars!"

"We're almost here, so please, be patient a little more."

Several men poured in. They were helping up a man whose dress shirt inside the suit was stained with blood. At that moment, Suhyuk's pupil expanded suddenly.

Nothing came into his eyes as if everything was stopped or he was covered in darkness, except for one man coming into the emergency room, helped up by the men.

Doctors and nurses quickly approached them.

Suhyuk was frozen like a stone statue. A hollow voice came out of his mouth, "Dongsu..."

Then Suhyuk walked his way through past the nurse and the doctor to approach him.

He took his suit off with his hand and checked his side.

A man was blocking it with a towel, but it seemed inadequate.

Red blood continued to pour from it.

Suhyuk slowly lifted his head and looked up at Dongsu.

With a big frown, Dongsu made an artificial smile at him, and said, "Hey, man, it's Sunday, are you working without any rest?"

His pale face and lips were turning blue.

Without replying, Suhyuk asked the man blocking his side with a towel, "Who did this? How did he get hurt?"

"He was stabbed while he was attempting to catch a criminal."

Suhyuk turned his head quickly to Dongsu, saying, "You bastard! How many times did I tell you not to follow a criminal?!!"

Suhyuk could not continue, because Dongsu shouted...

"Get that bastard!"

# Chapter 65

Everyone turned their heads to the side at Dongsu's shouting.

A man carried on to a stretcher was being handed over to the thoracic surgeons.

He was the man that Suhyuk took to the emergency room.

Some detectives quickly approached him.

They checked his unconscious face again and again.

Then they asked the doctor, "What kind of accident did he get into? What's his name?"

"Are you his guardian?"

"I'm a detective."

The doctor responded immediately to his words, "I hear his name is Park Janghu."

When the doctor looked at the nurse to confirm the name, she nodded as if he was correct.

The detective looked at Park, who was lying on the stretcher, with a suspicious look.

He did not have the characteristics of a suspect who committed a chain of crimes, because they do not usually carry anything that would reveal their identity. But here he was, a suspect who had raped 17 women in just two months. It was very difficult to collect information about him previously, because he committed his crimes very deliberately and secretly. Only his nickname was known, because he did not commit such a crime in just one place, but moved around here and there to attack each victim. However, it was exactly a week ago; an image of a man looking like the real suspect was captured on CCTV in front of a convenience store. Though it was vague and blurry, his face was very similar to a composite drawn by a witness.

The very man captured in the CCTV, suspected of committing the awful crimes, was lying in front of them right now, and on top of that, his identity fully revealed.

Such a deliberate in action and circumspect guy was there lying before them.

They felt that all the efforts to catch him previously seemed in vain.

The detective staring at the suspect lying down looked up at Dongsu and said, "This guy seems to be the running fugitive we had been chasing."

Dongsu laughed, twisting his lips.

"Did he get into an accident? Keep an eye on him until he wakes up, Detective Kang!"

At that moment Dongsu's eyelids wriggled because he began to feel the pain that he had forgotten for that moment.

"Lie down."

Suhyuk forced him to lie down and cut off the blood-stained dress shirt with scissors to confirm his wounds. He could not figure how and where he was hurt because blood was gushing up and out from the wounds.

"Hey, am I going to die like this?" said Dongsu with a bitter laugh.

He felt the pain was less than before, but now instead found his head became dizzy, which bothered him even more.

"Don't say anything," said Suhyuk.

Suhyuk covered his wounds with a layer of gauzes.

Then Oh Byungchul approached, saying, "Move back, Suhyuk."

"Yes, go and have a glass of water. Why are you sweating so much?" said Dongsu.

There came out a sigh from Suhyuk's mouth.

*'Who is worrying about whom now...'*

While Oh was opening the gauzes covering the wounds, Suhyuk said, "I think you should start with first giving some blood transfusions."

Saying so, he was looking at Dongsu's face.

Dongsu laughed carelessly. In his mind, Suhyuk's eyes seemed to be saying something like this: *'Do not worry! I'll save your life.'*

Dongsu said to Oh, "Doctor, I want to have a blood transfusion first. I feel pretty dizzy



right now, perhaps because the amount of blood I have is insufficient.”

Ignoring his words slightly, Oh asked, “How did you get hurt?”

The detectives who were watching him nervously said, “He was stabbed by a knife. By the way, don’t you think he needs an immediate surgery?”

“Will you be responsible if our prosecutor dies? Just do something instead of looking on!”

At their pressing, Oh was full of a glow. Those around him were all the more stressed by the fact that they were detectives. It was like the scary feeling an innocent man feels when seeing a passing police car.

Oh could not see the wound clearly, and he felt as if his head was all screwed up, not knowing what he had to do first, examining the patient or contact the surgery team. And there were the detectives standing before him. Resident Oh often found himself so embarrassed like this even though he was so well accustomed to the emergency department.

On such occasions, he used to ask for help. Namely, contacting the chief resident.

“Now, let me contact another doctor.”

“Another doctor? Are you not a doctor? He’s been stabbed by a knife! He needs a surgery right now!”

Did he hear them? Oh pulled out his cell phone to contact the chief.

At that moment a resident surgeon came up to them. He was called for by Suhyuk.

The more time was delayed, the more complications would occur.

Though it was not a serious situation, the patient was his friend above all else.

“I heard that he was stabbed, so let me take care of him.”

Oh nodded his head and then he looked at Suhyuk.

“He’s my friend. I am sorry to have contacted the surgical team by myself. If something happens, I’ll take full responsibility for it.”

Saying so, Suhyuk pushed the bed, disappearing gradually.

Oh looked at the back of Suhyuk disappearing for a moment. A prosecutor friend...

Though he felt upset about him who acted without his permission, he thought it was a plausible outcome. Did he not say he was his friend?

The prosecutor was smiling at Lee Suhyuk even while he was bleeding.

Somehow he felt that Suhyuk had only good people around him.

"Sir, the patient's blood pressure is dropping!"

At the nurse's urgent voice Oh moved quickly.



While he was being taken to the operating room, Dongsu blinked his eyes.

He felt that the injured area did not seem to hurt anymore. Dongsu, who was staring at the fluorescent lights passing quickly above him, said to Suhyuk moving with him on the side, "I'm afraid I might die before getting married."

"Don't speak of such nonsense! You will survive by any means possible."

"Okay, let me check your capabilities as a doctor."

Suhyuk could see his slightly trembling fingers. He was clearly feeling nervous, even though his expression and tone were portrayed calmly.

Smiling with some effort, Suhyuk said to Dongsu, "You heard of my skills, right? Super great skills. So just take a nap and wake up once it's all over."

Dongsu nodded his head slowly, and then he arrived at the door to the surgery room.

Having gone through, the door slowly closed, and the detectives who looked at him go in blankly, soon spoke to each other, "He'll be okay, right?"

"I just don't understand why he showed up at the crime scene in the first place."

"But the guy who just followed him is our prosecutor's friend, right?"

"Yeah, right! It looks like the guy who grabbed the criminal was the one we saw before on the TV!"

Now the detectives could understand why he insisted on going to Daehan hospital.

He went to the hospital because he wanted to see his friend that he usually boasted of.



The surgery team was formed in an instant. And Dongsu went through all kinds of examinations needed for the surgery. Fortunately, his organs were fine, but the wounded areas stabbed by the knife were very messy and disordered. In addition, his blood pressure was continuously falling.

When Dongsu was led by the nurses and headed straight to the operating room, Suhyuk moved along with them at the same time.

At that time, a resident's voice stopped his footsteps, "It's very rare for an intern to participate in an emergency surgery. Did the professor give you any instructions?"

"Instructions?"

At his asking, the surgery team around him, disinfecting their bodies from their palms to their forearms, shook their heads. They usually saw him while they were coming and going at the hospital, and he was rumored to be a talented intern. After they were done with the disinfecting, they asked him if the professor instructed him, "He's my friend. I would appreciate it if you could allow me to attend."

At his words, they frowned instantly, "Did you get permission from the professor?"

"No."

"Get out!"

It was a decisive exit order.

Suhyuk's face hardened instantly.

He really wanted to stay by his side, but the resident and nurses' eyes were so stingy.

Well, he knew that even a family member was never allowed into the operating room, much less the patient's friend.

"Then, I expect you would take good care of my friend."

Suhyuk gave them hearty greetings. They did not care about it though, and

disappeared into the surgery room.

At the moment when the automatic door opened, a professor entered and looked at Suhyuk blankly. He was none other than Prof. Han Myungjin of the thoracic surgery department.

"It's been a while, but what are you doing here?"

Suhyuk bowed his head slightly, saying, "My friend came here as an emergency patient, so I came here and I'm sorry for being a bother."

The professor, nodding, passed by him and cleaned his hands thoroughly.

Suhyuk then said when he was going into the surgery room, "I hope he's in good hands!"

"Hey, your friend was hurt. Are you going away? I did not see as such a mean guy."

At his words, his eyes grew bigger, and he said quickly, "I would appreciate it if you could allow me to attend."

Prof. Han, wearing a surgical gown, opened his mouth, "What are you doing? Get ready quickly!"

"Thank you, sir."

Suhyuk went into the operating room.

The nurse, the cardiopulmonary resuscitator, and the residents checking the equipments at their respective locations suddenly frowned at him.

"I told you to get out!" shouted a resident approaching Suhyuk with glaring eyes.

Professor Han Myungjin, passing by him, said briefly, "I called for him."

"Oh, yes..."

Nobody raised any further objections. Rather, they looked at Prof. Han with respectful eyes.

If anyone was injured, he did not mind riding an ambulance or helicopter no matter where he was just to get to the patient. Even more surprising was his clinical record. One time he spent 31 hours treating a patient in the operating room, and did that

continuously without rest. It was natural for such a person to be respected by other doctors. As everyone was preparing for the surgery, Suhyuk approached Dongsu.

"Wake me up if I oversleep," said Dongsu with a slight smile.

Though it was a playful joke, Suhyuk was able to notice his hidden meaning at once.

That meant he wanted to open his eyes immediately after the surgery.

Suhyuk showed the same smile as always to him.

"It'll be over soon. So, just take a short nap and don't worry about it."

"I'm starting the anesthesia."

At the anesthesiologist's words, Dongsu looked at the light pouring from above.

The light was too bright.

*'What is mom doing now? Will she make kimchi today for work? Damn kimchi. I just keep telling her to buy it like other people.'*

"Huuuuuhh..."

A white breath filled the mask covering his mouth and then disappeared.

"I feel sleepy," Dongsu went to sleep with such murmuring.

Professor Han Myungjin, who confirmed that he was completely asleep, opened his mouth, "We have a patient with a stab wound. Let me start the operation. It looks like there wasn't any damage to the organs when I look at the image shots. However, as there might be some subtle bleeding, we still have to look into that."

The assistants nodded.

They recalled what Prof. Han kept telling habitually.

The machine does not lie, but you never believe it until you open the belly and check it with your own eyes. Only a surgeon who completed a countless number of surgeries could say that.

"Bobby (electric knife)."

When the professor reached out his hand, the assistant next to him gave it to him.

He frowned, moving with the bobby.

The wound surfaces were quite messy.

After stabbing him, the attacker twisted the knife.

With the smell of burning flesh, Dongsu's flank was opened.

Organs that were stained with blood were not visible enough to examine.

"Irrigation, please. Wash the organs quickly."

At his instruction, the assistants poured the saline solution into his belly.

On such occasions, they used the suction to drain the saline mixed with blood.

At that moment Han Myungjin's voice made Suhyuk turn his head.

"Mr. Lee Suhyuk!"

## Chapter 66

"I can not see the blood vessels over there. Can you hold the tools for me?"

At Prof. Han's instruction, the residents' eyes became wider.

The professor obviously wanted to give him the role of an assistant when he was already allowed into the operation room.

Prof. Han spoke to the resident on the opposite side to him at this time, "Your eyes are bloodshot, so I guess you didn't sleep at all yesterday."

The resident opened his mouth awkwardly, "As I was on call, I had to see patients until this morning."

"I feel good seeing you working hard, but I think I need a break."

The professor pointed to the opened belly with his eyes.

"I can not see anything clearly."

Like Prof. Han said, the resident did not read his instructing gaze correctly.

He was just poking at the wrong organ.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll try to do better."

"No, if you are tired, that can happen."

At his genuine remarks, the resident stepped back, reproaching himself.

Han opened his mouth again.

"Give Lee Suhyuk what you are holding."

"Okay, sir."

The resident, gazing at him with an unbelievable look, handed an iron tool to him, and he signaled with eyes that he should not make a mistake.

On the other hand, Han recalled the day when Suhyuk located the patient's C line.

His prompt response was still vivid in his mind.

*'As he was such a smart student in his PK days, how much progress has he made since then... His securing a clear view for me must be a simple job for him.'*

Some sort of expectancy was reflected in Han's eyes.

Suhyuk, who received the tool from the resident, replaced his position.

Han opened his mouth, "Pull it a little to the left."

Suhyuk pulled Dongsu's slightly opened belly without any hesitation.

At the same time, he frowned because of the pain in the shoulder caused by the motorcycle.

It was painful enough to make his arm tremble.

However, he endured it by biting his teeth. Rather, he gave more strength to the shoulder to stop his arm from trembling.

"I'll wake you up soon, Dongsu."

"Now that organ over there."

Even before Han spoke, Suhyuk had already moved his hands quickly.

He checked the surrounding areas near the stabbed wounds thoroughly. Besides, as if to catch anything that he could not see before, he broadened the view of the organs so that Prof. Han and the residents could see it clearly.

Han smiled dumbfoundedly at him. It looked like Suhyuk had done surgery several times before, though it was impossible. He fully satisfied his expectations, just as he had previously thought.

At that moment, a resident, standing beside the professor, opened his mouth, "What are you doing here? Why aren't you following Prof. Han's instructions properly? Are you out of your mind?"

Han looked at him gently and said, "What's wrong? Mr. Lee is doing great. Just keep focusing on what you're doing."

At his words, everybody became dumb as an oyster.



Though they knew the professor as someone considered to be generous to his juniors, they did not expect that he would be just as much generous to an intern like that. They were also surprised at him in their heart.

For Suhyuk was looking into all the blood vessels and organs that they expected were bleeding. When Suhyuk let out a light breath, Han opened his mouth, "Fortunately, the inside is clean."

He did not see any bleeding or injuries on the organs.

"Keep giving a blood transfusion. What about the blood pressure and pulse?"

The nurse looking into the patient monitoring device said, "BP 120/90 and pulse 80."

Han turned his head and peered at Dongsu's face.

"As you're young, you are different. You're a young friend too," said Han.

Actually, Han's words could not explain if it would be a successful surgery.

Given that it's not an easy surgery, usually the blood pressure drops and the pulse becomes faster, and there could even be brain oxygen saturation. In addition, the patient before his eye was bleeding. Nonetheless, the patient monitor all showed that he was normal.

Prof. Han could not help but laugh, and so did Suhyuk wearing a little smile.

Obviously, he came to the emergency room as if he would collapse at once, but the typically strong Dongsu was once again displayed even in the surgery room.

There were no damaged organs and there was nothing to worry about.

Now only the suture remained. It would be a perfect task without leaving any inflammation later.

"Can you do the suture?" Han asked Suhyuk.

Suhyuk shook his head, "I do not think I can do it."

The professor made a surprised expression at his reply.

He located a patient's C line without hesitation and examined organs with his sophisticated technique. How could he not suture then?

When Han was thinking about it, Suhyuk paid attention to his painful shoulders.

Every time he gave strength, his arms jerked. He endured it against his will.

He felt he could do the suture, but not smoothly.

Of course, he really wanted to do the suture for Dongsu by himself, but he could not.

It was a wise decision to leave it to another resident.

Nodding at Suhyuk, Prof. Han asked the residents to do the finishing touches with suturing.

Soon the surgery simply ended without any difficulty or complications.



Dongsu, who was lying in bed in the recovery room, slightly opened his closed eyelids. Then, soon his eyes opened smoothly. At that moment, the nurse who was checking his condition said, “You’re awake. Can you see me? What’s your name?”

Slowly moving his pupils, he said, “Ooops... It hurts.”

At his words, the nurse flinched a bit, rather surprised.

She was worried about his possible showing signs of delirium.

That symptom came to those patients who had emergency surgeries, which caused them to act recklessly and not to recognize their acquaintances.

On such occasions the patients go as far as beating doctors and nurses.

The nurse murmured at Dongsu with a wry face.

“Looks like you have signs of delirium...”

“No, he’s been like that for a very long time,” said Suhyuk, who was standing behind her, and approached him.

“How do you feel?”

Touching his sutured belly, Dongsu made a funny face. It looked like he was both smiling and frowning his face. Maybe it was a mix of the pain he felt from the belly and

his smiling face at his waking up.

“I feel thrilled and good about it.”

Suhyuk laughed awkwardly. He might be the only patient in the whole of Korea who said something like that as soon as he woke up from anesthesia.

“By the way, what happened to Park Janghu? Did he wake up from his unconsciousness?”

“Don’t you think you have to swear at the guy who stabbed you first before worrying about such a thing?”

“Well, it’s my iron rule to catch a suspect before my eyes.”

“That’s a detective’s job. You’re a prosecutor.”

The two looked at each other quietly. In the meantime, the nurse checked Dongsu’s condition leisurely. All the measurements were okay.

“You have to stay in bed at the hospital for a week,” said Suhyuk.

Looking up at the ceiling, Dongsu replied, “If my mom finds out about this, I’ll get a big scolding. Can I be discharged earlier?”

“Don’t even dream about it.”



One week passed quickly. Dongsu was transferred to a room reserved for a single patient, and while he was there, the detectives stopped by the room as if they were reporting to work there.

That was the same for Suhyuk. After he’d finished for the day, he went to see Dongsu unless he had other calls.

Late in the night today, he went to see him.

When Suhyuk went into the room, Dongsu, sitting on the bed, welcomed him, shuffling his feet.

“You came very early today. You are far from busy, right?”

With a silly smile, he said, “How do you feel now?”

“As you can see, I’m perfectly fine. As you know, I’m strong and robust, right?”

At that moment Dongsu’s head turned to the entrance of the room.

“Oh, you’ve just arrived sister?”

Suhyuk turned back.

“Hey, my cute brothers!”

It was reporter Han Jihye.

She was all smiles on her face.

Maybe it was because she had not met them in such a long time?

Suhyuk spoke to her first, “Hey”, and then looked at Dongsu.

There was something that he instinctively recalled. The guy he took to the emergency room from before, he heard from Dongsu that the guy was a serial rapist. It then made sense why she came here to meet him.

Obviously Dongsu must have contacted her.

“Lee Suhyuk, you haven’t contacted me for so long. Are you saying you’re too busy as a doctor?”

At her curt words, Suhyuk opened his mouth awkwardly, “I was hectically busy.”

She nodded her head as if she understood him. A doctor’s job is really busy and time consuming.

She met Dongsu occasionally, because as her profession was that of a reporter, she maintained contact with him from time to time. However, it’s been a long time since she met Suhyuk.

“You look more handsome than before.”

She felt she could smell something masculine from him because she finally met him after such a long time.

“Do you have a girlfriend? If not, can I introduce one to you?”

“Well, I don’t want to get one right now.”

Having said that, a young lady came to his mind. Around this time she was helping her father, with her sleeves rolled up.

“Sister, please introduce one to me. Please!”

Rising from the seat, Dongsu smiled at her, receiving a fruit gift box.

Han looked at both of them with a dubious look.

Fine professions and handsome faces.

Why aren’t the girls thinking about snatching these fine men?

“Please, please!” demanded Dongsu.

She smiled at him, and said, “Okay! You said you want a sexy woman, right? Let me introduce one to you sooner or later.”

And then she asked Suhyuk this time, “What kind of girl do you want?”

“Well...”

When he slurred, she looked at him strongly, saying, “Yeah, just say it. Don’t feel any burden from answering.”

She was full of enthusiasm as if she were ready to bring a Miss Korea lady to him.

“Please don’t reveal my name in your report,” said Suhyuk.

It was really burdensome for him to be put into the spotlight by the media, which he felt every time it happened.

At his words, Han opened her eyes wider.

“Suhyuk, it’s a misunderstanding. Last time when you caught the criminal, I didn’t put your name in my report.”

That was true. She did not reveal his name anywhere in her report. Netizens on the internet found out it was him though. They reported his name.

The name of Lee Suhyuk is heavy, but at the same time it’s light, so it just flies with the wind to the point of his identity getting revealed to the people easily.

Was Suhyuk even aware of this?

Suhyuk smiled bitterly at Han, who was wearing a bright smile.

“Please report as if it were not about me.”

Han said with a promise, “Sure, if you want it that way. I won’t reveal even the surname ‘Lee’ in the report.”

Suhyuk nodded his head, thinking that was enough.

However, there was no way of knowing the results. In other words, the possibility was there that one day his name would find its way into the media with a big news headline again.

At that moment everybody turned their heads to the entrance of the room.

There was a gentleman dressed casually in training pants. He was Kim Hyunwoo.

“Are you okay?”

Dongsu smiled awkwardly, saying, “Why did you come here when you’re so busy? I was thinking of see you sooner or later, and I’d like to see your mother again too.”

Suhyuk greeted him too, asking, “How are you, sir?”

Kim smiled gently, responding, “I feel good seeing both of you like this together. Come on in guys!”

At his words, several men came into the room at once.

They looked for a proper place to put down large flowers and a humidifier.

With wider eyes, Dongsu said, “I’ve already got them all here in the room...”

Kim, looking around the room, said, “Don’t you think that brand new stuff are better?”

He then grinned wickedly, which was a pleasant smile that made others follow suit.

So, the three of them met once again after such a long time and they merrily chatted away with lots of laughs.

## Chapter 67

Suhyuk was moving one of his shoulders in a circular motion. He had the shoulder struck by a motorcycle. He did not feel pain there anymore and the bruising in his biceps was going down, and new cells were replacing the damaged ones. His bones were not injured, and he did not need any treatment because it was just a bruise. Over time his body will heal itself anyway, he thought.

It was now lunch time, and Suhyuk went to see Dongsu. He was packing his stuff to leaving having finished with the discharge procedure. Noticing Suhyuk, he grinned.

“Thanks to you, I’ve caught one criminal,” he said.

He was talking about the guy who committed serial rape.

Suhyuk could not help but smile. He just took the guy to the emergency room because he was involved in a traffic accident without knowing who he was. Then he turned out to in fact be a criminal on the loose.

Sitting on the bed, Suhyuk said with a worried voice, “What about the guy who stabbed you? Was he caught?”

Dongsu kitted his brows, saying, “He was last seen in Yongsan, but escaped nimbly like a mouse.”

“How bold he is... How can he stab a prosecutor?”

“Well, thugs these days don’t fear anybody. They just wield their tools at anyone.”

At his words Suhyuk shook his head. He told him several times to understand what his profession was, and make a distinction between a detective and a prosecutor. He would not listen.

While packing his stuff, Dongsu squatted on the bed, saying, “You said you have something to say.”

“I was involved in a hit-and-run.”

Dongsu looked at him here and there at his words.

“Hit-and-run? Where? How come you are okay then?”

With a gentle smile, Suhyuk told him about the traffic accident involving the serial rapist.

While listening to him quietly, Dongsu had a dubious expression on his face, and said, “It happened near Hana’s Rice & Soup store...”

“Yes, and she was hit by a motorcycle at the same place before.”

“The suspect wearing a helmet?”

Suhyuk nodded his head.

The two were silent for a moment. While they were thinking, Dongsu spoke first

“Just trust in me.”

Suhyuk spoke to him while rising from the seat, “Sorry to bother you. I should have taken this to the police directly.”

Dongsu grinned, saying, “No, you don’t have to say sorry. It’s my duty to get rid of the evil people like this.”

After tapping him on the shoulder several times, Dongsu headed for the entrance of the room. When Suhyuk was about to escort him out, Dongsu turned back and said, “Don’t bother to escort me. Thanks for waking me up.”

“I didn’t do anything. I just watched on the side.”

Dongsu shook his head as if that was not true.

He remembered Suhyuk approaching him who was lying in bed nervously. When he saw Suhyuk’s eyes, he felt comfortable. He relaxed him, with silent words: ‘Just trust me.’

With anesthesia, he could go to sleep comfortably, and when he woke up, he could see him as expected.

“I’m leaving now.”

Detectives approached Dongsu who waved his hands without turning back, and soon they disappeared into the elevator.





He still had more or less 20 minutes of lunch time left.

Suhyuk went up to the Sky Park on the rooftop of the hospital.

He had only one reason for doing that. He wanted to see the faces of his intern friends who gathered there during their break time. Sitting on the benches, they were letting out a big sigh.

Suhyuk approached them with a smile. They waved their hands at him.

“Hey, is this the Prince of Blood Collection and the CT Genius?”

With an awkward smile, he sat on the bench.

“Are you guys doing alright?”

The faces of his friends who welcomed him with bright smiles turned grim.

“Don’t ask that. I got given a scolding from the professor because I checked the patient’s vital signs incorrectly. It’s only a minute difference. I was ordered to be on call day and night.”

Splitting his hair, the intern assigned to the internal medicine department said, “I should have memorized all types of medicine until in the morning because I mentioned a possible surgery instead of medication.”

“How about you, Suhyuk?”

At a woman intern’s asking, he just made a gentle smile, saying, “Just so-so.”

It’s already been two months since they started the internship period.

So far they have had no major incidents, but it could happen anytime.

An incident was supposed to happen due to misjudgment. It’s already too late when they find out it’s misjudgement. That was not an exception, even to Suhyuk.

Suhyuk made a resolve once again not to lower his guard.

At that moment an intern rose from the bench, saying, “I have to go. If I’m late, I may have to stay up through the night.”

Other interns began to stand up one by one, and so did Suhyuk to wrap up his assignment.

“Did you have a delicious lunch?” asked resident Im Gyongsu, turning over the chart.

Other interns assigned to the surgery department were busy with other stuff.

Only Suhyuk was left alone as he had already completed his assignment.

“I hear the professor allowed you into the operation room.”

“Yes, looks like he allowed me in because my friend was getting surgery.”

“I hear you also had a chance to use some surgery equipments, and secured the view for operation.”

When he nodded his head, Im shook his head slightly.

He thought Suhyuk was only good at analyzing CT, but was stunned when he heard from residents who went into the operation room with him what he had done. He secured the operation view for the professor perfectly! It was really unbelievable, but everybody in the room said the same thing. Did he learn it from books too? Even though he learned it from books and videos, actual clinical practice was different from that.

Im could not help but think he was a born genius.

“Follow me!” said Im, and turned around with his white gown fluttering away.

He continued talking while walking, “Didn’t you do disinfection and simple sutures a lot?”

“Yes,” said Suhyuk shortly.

“We’re going to do abdominal puncture and drainage now. Though you don’t have anything to do there right now, you will have to do it many, many times when you’re assigned to the surgery department. Got it?”

When Suhyuk nodded his head, he went into the adjacent patient’s room.

Two nurses were preparing things for abdominal puncture while checking the ultrasound device.

Looking at Suhyuk, one of the nurses made a shy dimple on her face, which was invisible to him.

Approaching the patient, Im smiled and said, "It stings a bit when you get given anesthesia."

It was a man in his late 30s. He grinned and nodded.

Before applying the abdominal puncture, Im checked his belly with the ultrasound device. He was checking the exact location because other organs might be touched during the operation if not careful.

Looking at the image on the ultrasound device quietly, he began to disinfect the man's belly, and he marked X on the area 5 cm below the navel with a permanent marker. That was the location where he would inject the needle. He put a sterilized sheet with a hole on the patient's belly, and made sure the X mark was visible through the open hole.

"You will now be given anesthesia."

Suhyuk was watching Im's procedures quietly.

Suhyuk nodded at the process of anesthetizing the fascia in order, subcutaneously, perpendicularly to the abdominal wall. It was a neat procedure.

However, it looked like the patient did not feel the same way.

His face was frowned at the sting of the needle.

Im also added enough anesthetic to the peritoneum for the last time. It was an injection for drainage, so he applied anesthesia well into the peritoneum. He waited until the patient's belly was fully under the anaesthetic. Soon he began to move. He placed the needle for drainage right in the place marked X. Though it looked like he simply injected the needle, he did it without touching the muscle rectus. If the needle is pierced through it, there could be bleeding as a result of damaged arteries and veins, but Im avoided it exactly.

The patient frowned his face when he felt a needle was pierced into his belly, but soon went back to normal. The anesthesia worked well, as planned.

"It's important to pay attention, starting from here."

Suhyuk nodded at his words.

If the needle inside the belly touches other organs, it will cause an instant perforation. Accordingly it required a high degree of concentration and delicate technique.

Finally Im's needle was placed into the patient's abdominal cavity.

At that moment Suhyuk's voice came into his ears.

"Sir!"

Frowning his face, Im looked at him with curious eyes.

He was holding his wrist.

He opened his mouth calmly, "I think you have placed the needle too deep."

Im knitted his brows suddenly, and murmured to him, reading the patient's countenance, "What are you doing before the patient? Just let go of my wrist!"

Despite his icy words, Suhyuk would not move. He did not release his wrist at all.

"If you place it any deeper, it could cause a perforation."

Suhyuk had no intention to release him it at all. It seemed that the needle, when placed a little deeper, could cause a perforation in the organs. Then the patient would need additional treatment.

If the complications became serious, he might need emergency surgery for peritonitis.

He could not let the patient go through that.

"What the hell, you bastard!"

Im, with a blush, looked at the nurse.

"Put the ultrasound mouse on the belly."

He wanted to show Suhyuk clearly where the needle was placed, so he could let go of his wrist.

A little later Im just blinked his eyes after confirming it through the ultrasound monitor, and was frozen in place, just like a stone statue.

To their surprise, the needle was stopped right before the intestine. It was dangerously close to it, so that even a little trembling of the hand could cause perforation.

Suhyuk's hand holding Im's wrist was lifted up a bit, so the needle became distanced from it.

When Im looked at him, Suhyuk had already let go of his arm.

After that, the two did not talk to each other at all. Suhyuk just looked on while Im was doing the procedure, and Im just focused on his work calmly.

To their embarrassment, everybody was silent until they were done with the drainage and cleaned up.

Finishing the procedure, Im smiled to the patient, saying, "The surgery was done well. Thanks for your patience."

"Thanks so much for your hard work!"

Im exchanged a few more words with the patient, and went out of the surgery room.

So did Suhyuk, and followed him.

While walking down the hall, Im did not say anything. The suddenly he opened his mouth, "Can you just keep it to yourself?"

Suhyuk made a curious expression, as if he did not understand what he was talking about.

"I mean what happened a moment ago."

Suhyuk said gently, "Did anything happen a moment ago?"

Im grinned at his remarks suggesting he did not know anything about it.

"Let's have a drink together someday."

Im walked ahead of him even before he replied.

"Hi... sir."

Suhyuk turned back his head at the sudden voice coming from behind him.

## Chapter 68

She was a pretty nurse with a small dimple on her face.

“Did you call me?”

She nodded at his question. She was shy enough not to meet her eyes with his.

The nurse, looking at his tiptoes, barely opened her mouth, “Well...”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“Here you are!”

She suddenly held out both her hands. A folded piece of paper was in her hands.

Suhyuk received it with a dubious look.

“What is this?”

He could not continue asking though, because the nurse was disappearing from him as if she were fleeing.

When she was completely out of sight, he opened it.

It read like this: *‘Hello, Mr Lee Suhyuk. I’ve been watching you since the days you’ve been a PK trainee. Only now can I pluck up my courage and appear before you. May I have coffee or dine with you when you’re available? If you don’t mind, please call me on 010-4827...’*

Reading the note, he laughed with a puzzled look.

Is this a sort of a love letter that he heard about people receiving before?



The nurse, who escaped from him, was letting out a short breath, leaning against the wall. Her heart thudding against her chest never stopped. She tried to calm down, caressing her hot face with her hands, but could not calm down at all.

“I wonder if I did that uselessly...”

“No, you did it well!” popped out a voice from the side. It was a fellow nurse two years older than her.

“What should I do sister? I’m afraid he won’t give me a call...”

At her crestfallen voice, she told her not to worry, saying, “In my opinion, he’s going to call you for sure, 100%. You’re pretty, so be confident. You deserve it! You declined when others doctors confessed to you? Then, why? Are you so nervous because you’re the one who confessed first?”

“Yes.”

She nodded weakly. Han Binna. She has been watching Suhyuk since he was a PK student.

It was more correct to say he naturally came to be favored in her eyes.

When she first saw him, she thought that he talked much less than other PK students. She just thought that was all there was to him, but at some point she came to see him often, even though he was a PK student going around the wards for clinical practice.

Was it because she became conscious of him at some point? Was it because he was handsome? No, it seemed that’s not the case.

Is there any particular reason why someone likes another?

Passing by him, she came to notice him, and at some point he was deeply ingrained into her heart. That’s it. To add a little more, he was less talkative than others, and made an occasional smile. His smiles that he gave patients were so warm.

She’s kept a sort of one-side love for him in her heart for the past one year.

“The way I see it, he will contact you today.”

At her fellow nurse’s words, she really wished he would do so.



A woman in her early fifties.

Suhyuk was disinfecting her sutured belly. As she had surgery only just two days ago,

she might develop complications and inflammation, so she needed constant care.

“Oh, I feel so good.”

At her reaction, Suhyuk grinned a bit.

“Do you feel uncomfortable in any area?”

“No, I like your disinfecting work. When other doctors do it, I feel so much stinging.”

Im, standing in the distance, could not help but smile bitterly, because the doctor she was referring to was he.

After he was done with the disinfection, Suhyuk was cleaning up.

Shaking his head, he said, “He’s an alien.”

Whatever assignment he’s tasked with, he was doing it with great effort, and completing task to the end. There was nothing he could not do. So Im decided to stop fixating on him, thinking like this: *‘he must be a genius or an alien.’*

When he felt that way, he felt much more relaxed.

He felt it was only natural that he was more than a match for him.

“I’m done!” said Suhyuk.

He approached Im.

“Good job man.”

His calm face indicated that he did what he was supposed to do.

Im was not surprised about it at all anymore.

“Let’s go.”

Following him quietly, Suhyuk asked him, “What kind of patient is it this time?”

“Just go back and take a break at your lodging.”

Suhyuk made a dubious expression. It was 5pm.

Usually it was the rule for the interns to go around the hospital until 9pm.



He recalled the woman resident of the pediatrician department, called a Witch by the interns.

When interns are doing something wrong, or make mistakes, she did not give them any assignments and let them take a long break. Was the resident walking weakly with shoulders drooping the same sort of person from the same class?

Until now he felt that he did not make any mistakes in the surgery department, but he wanted to ask anyway, "Sir, did I make any mistakes?"

Im grinned wickedly.

"Yes," he said, murmuring to himself, *'You're doing what I'm supposed to do myself.'*

But he did not speak what he had in mind.

Im turned around and folded his arms, asking, "How many patients did you complete the rounds for?"

"Thirteen patients."

"Yes, I'm in charge of 13 patients. How about their condition?"

"They're all good."

"Now, what should you do?"

Suhyuk was speechless. Interns are supposed to learn and carry out duties under the supervision of the primary physician. Then, Suhyuk made the rounds with all the patients and offered appropriate treatment already. In other words, his job was done.

Contrary to his thinking like that, there were an indefinite number of things interns were supposed to take care of. For example, checking patients' conditions from time to time and reporting or waiting indefinitely at the ICU while watching the patient monitor. In addition, they had to carry out other chores.

However, Im did not give them such instructions out of consideration for Suhyuk.

He carried out any instructions without any problem. He did not make any mistakes or cause any difficult troubles. And today Suhyuk prevented him from making a possible perforation in the patient's intestine.

"I won't call you unless I have to, so go and take a sound break."

Saying so, he turned back. Then he raised one of his fingers and said, "Didn't I tell you already? Reserve your weekend for me. Let me treat you to a drink."

A pleasant smile was on Suhyuk's face.

"Yes, sir."

When he arrived at his lodging, he lay on the bed. When did he ever lie on the bed at this hour?

It's been really a long time. He even felt it's something unexpected.

What were his fellow interns doing now?

Were they doing well or were they getting a scolding? Most likely it was the latter.

When he recalled each one's face, he smiled. When they tried hard and made a lot of efforts in their studies, they would certainly be reliable doctors later on.

He turned around on the bed. Then he heard a rustle of paper getting folded in the middle of his pocket. "Oh, that's right..."

Rising from the bed, he unfolded the letter from the nurse.

She said she liked him for one year. Such a long time.

Suhyuk took out his cell phone. He anyhow felt thankful for her as she cared about him like that. He wrote down a text message and sent it to her cell phone.

When he was about to lie on the bed again, his phone rang.

"Thanks so much for your message. I thought you wouldn't send one. Thanks. When can you take time out? I'd like to treat you to a meal or coffee."

Suhyuk did not agonize about it that long. He was done early for the day, and the resident told him to take a break.

"Shall I see you at the bus stop in front of the hospital at 7pm?"

"Yes, I'll see you then."

Confirming the message, Suhyuk checked the time. 6pm sharp.

He had enough time. He closed eyes while lying in bed. When he opened his eyes, 30

minutes already passed.

Casually dressed, he moved right away. The hospital lobby was crowded with people when it was already evening time.

“Sir!”

Suhyuk heard a voice coming quietly from the side. It was Han Binna.

With a blush on her face, she bowed her head.

“Hello.”

As if she met him for the first time today, she said hello to him.

Suhyuk also bowed his head.

“Hello, where shall we go?”

At his asking, she felt as if her hairs were becoming white.

She was trying to calm down her pounding heart at the thought of she meeting him exclusively.

She tried to remember some delicious restaurants that she knew of, and fortunately she could think of one.

“Have you eaten yet?”

With a slight smile, he shook his head.

“That’s good then... Do you like spaghetti?”

“I like any food. Let’s go.”

When he moved first, she came close to him cautiously. No, she walked a bit away from him.

She felt as if she was going to have a heart attack if she got any closer to him.

Going out of the hospital, they got on a bus. They were heading for a famous pasta restaurant in Sinchon.

Even though it was the closing hour of the day for the bus service, there were not many

people on the bus so as it to be crowded.

Yet, there was only one seat vacant.

Suhyuk yielded the seat to her.

“Please have a seat.”

Staggering at the trembling of the bus, she waved her hand, saying, “I’m fine. Please have a seat.”

Smiling quietly, he gestured with his eyes to her, pointing to the seat.

She then sat on it helplessly, and looked outside.

She had to say whatever she wanted to, but she could not because her thoughts were all mixed up. She tightened her grip on her hands on the bag. It was clear that she was nervous. He could feel it.

“By the way, may I have your name?”

At his soft voice, she answered, “My name is Han Binna.”

“It’s a beautiful name.”

“Thanks.”

“Do you work in the surgery department?”

“Yes!”

People on the bus began to pay their attention to them slowly, because she came up with an answer clearly like a robot whenever he asked her a question.

Her appearance like that made the hearts of other young guys on the bus pound.

For not only did she have a cute dimple but also her face was pretty.

“We have to get off here.”

She pushed the bell and stood up. Guided by her, he walked to the pasta restaurant.

“Do you know about it, sir?”

“What is it?”

Suhyuk looked at her. At that moment she, who was glancing at him, turned her head instantly. She felt it keenly today that it was so difficult for her to meet her eyes with someone else's.

"You're so famous among the nurses."

"Am I?"

"Yes."

He asked with a puzzled look.

"Why?"

"You're so good at collecting blood and analyzing CT. Rumor has it that you're already like a resident. And they say you are so handsome..."

He smiled bitterly. It was neither good nor bad for him. But he was only a novice.

Then, his eyes became wide. The woman walking toward him was familiar to him.

Thinking about it, he grinned before he knew it. She looked like Hana.

*'Did she finish work at this time?'* Yes, it was likely that.

"We are here, sir."

At her voice, Suhyuk turned his head to the side.

It was a wooden restaurant specializing in spaghetti, emitting a warm atmosphere.

A glimpse of the restaurant was seen inside the window.

Very crowded. *'She said she liked spaghetti.'*

Suhyuk, who thought of one woman in his mind, followed Han.

"Hey!"

He turned back at the sharp voice, and murmured to himself, "Well, speak of the devil..."

## Chapter 69

Hana was walking with men in suits. They looked like her colleagues at the company she worked for.

She came up to Suhyuk and spoke, "Looks like you finished up work early today."

Saying so, she looked at Binna.

"Hello!"

Binna bowed her head. So did Hana.

"Hello, who is she...?" Hana asked him.

He agonized for a moment as to what to say, but it was only for a very brief moment.

He opened his mouth instantly, "She is my colleague at the hospital."

"Ah..."

She was really beautiful in Hana's eyes. In particular, her dimples looked so cute even to the eyes of a woman like her. And her small face too.

"Hello, I'm Suhyuk's friend. My name is Kim Hana."

"My name is Han Binna."

At that moment her colleagues called her from the back.

"Ms. Hana, our section chief is waiting. Come back quickly."

"I'm coming now."

Replying like that, she alternately looked at Suhyuk and Han.

Hana made a smile at them. Though they could not recognize that her smile was tinged with a hint of something like loneliness.

"I have a dinner meeting with my colleagues. So, have a good time!"

Suhyuk looked at her quietly.

“Your friend is really beautiful.”

He nodded his head slowly at Binna’s words.

“Actually she has good characteristics, and she is kind-hearted.”

While looking at her disappearing among the restaurant guests, Suhyuk turned around instantly.

“Let’s go in.”

The two went into the pasta restaurant. A lady was looking at them from the distance.

She was none other than Hana.

“Ms. Hana, what are you doing? Come join us quickly!”

“Yes!”

Suhyuk and Binna moved, guided by the waitress at the restaurant.

Fortunately there was one table left, so they sat there.

“What kind of spaghetti do you like?”

Suhyuk looked at the menu at the sound of her voice.

Well, he has never had spaghetti before even up to now.

So many kinds of similar spaghetti, and the price was so expensive.

That was understandable. Binna could only stop by this place a few times per month.

The prices were so expensive, but the food was so delicious.

That’s why she took him there. As it was the first time she met him, she wanted to treat him to delicious food.

Blinking her eyes, she was either looking at the menu, or stealing a glance at Suhyuk gently.

Even after reading the menu for some time, he seemed not to have picked any food.

“Bongole pasta is well known at this place.”

Suhyuk, while staring at the menu, raised his head and said, “Let me have it, then.”

Nodding her head, she made a little smile. A bright smile befitting her name Binna.

They soon ordered from the menu, and Suhyuk looked around. Young men and women having delicious food while gazing at each other. To him, he felt envious when he found them laughing at each other with a lovely look, but that kind of sentiment was felt only very brief.

He had so much work to do in the future. After his internship, he was to start residency, which he currently felt was something like a distant future. Of course, it was not something he could not accomplish if he walked step by step toward his goal. Yeah, for the sake of his dream.

He wanted to be the best doctor more than anything else.

“Your bongole is ready.”

The waitress put down a dish of Bongole, before he realised, with steam rolling up from it.

“Enjoy the food!”

Mixed with plump clams and scattered parsley, it was a really appetizing pasta.

Binna, like the waitress, said, “Please enjoy it!”

“You too, Ms. Binna.”

The two started eating. As if she were making a careful gesture of eating, she put in her mouth a few strands of pasta cautiously. Suhyuk was different. The pasta was gone with a few strokes of his fork. An expensive price for a small amount of pasta.

Though it was delicious enough, he felt it was not his kind of food.

*‘Is it because my taste is so cheap?’*

A pot of hangover rice and soup came to his mind, plus soju to drink.

His thinking reaching at that point, Suhyuk suddenly felt he made a mistake.

Binna on the opposite side did not yet finish even half her pasta.



He ate it so fast. He needed to moderate his eating pace, but did not.

With an embarrassed look, he said, "I ate rather fast, didn't I?"

Binna shook her head hard, and showed a bright smile.

"I'm so glad that you liked it. Actually I was a bit worried..."

She dropped her head, while looking at him.

Though she met his eyes only briefly, she had a blush on her face.

"Shall we stand up?"

"You didn't have it all yet. So, please go ahead and enjoy it slowly. I ate too fast..."

With a surprised look, she waved her hands.

"I had a lot for lunch, so my stomach is full even now. I think I can stop here!"

Suhyuk smiled slightly.

"Shall we get up then?"

"Yes!"

Rising from the table abruptly, she grabbed the check. Then, Suhyuk held out his hand, and said, "The check is on me this time. Looks like you didn't eat it much because of me."

She shook her head from side to side.

"No, no. I ate my fill, and it's me who offered to eat first."

Going to the counter, she paid for it immediately.

They went out of the pasta house.

At the door Suhyuk said, "Are you going home?"

As a nurse she did not need to stay at the lodging.

"Yes."

Then she explained about the direction of her house. She did not know why she was

talking about it.

“Your direction is in the opposite of mine. Are you coming to work tomorrow?”asked Suhyuk with a sorry expression.

She nodded her small face, and he smiled at her.

“Before it gets darker, please go home. I’ll see you tomorrow then.”

Binna smiled, bending her waist, and said, “Thanks for your concern. You too, take care then. See you tomorrow.”

Suhyuk bent his head quietly and said goodbye, and then he moved to get on the bus.

Binna was quietly looking at him disappearing into the crowds.

How could they part like this after eating...

She murmured to herself, looking at him barely seen in the distance, *“I know a cart bar on the street that serves terrific side dishes. Shall we go there?”*

*‘Why didn’t I say that to him?’*

She hit her head with her own hands. *‘Stupid! Stupid!’*

At that moment a man approached her, saying, “Well... you’re my ideal type. Can you give me your contact number...?”

“Sorry, I have a lover...”

She left the scene right away.



At the pasta restaurant where Suhyuk and Binna left behind, two women were entering inside. They were Hana and her company friend.

“You had meat already, and then want pasta too?”

“Yes, I hear it tastes so delicious here!”

Inside the restaurant she looked inside closely.

At that moment a waitress came up and asked, “Welcome. How many are you?”

“Sorry, let me come next time,” said Hana.

Hana left the place right away. Her friend looked at her with a suspicious look.

“I thought you said you want pasta?”

Hana showed a sorry expression.

“Instead of pasta, shall we have another drink?”

A sigh came out her mouth, which nobody could understand.



Oh Byungchul was grinning at Suhyuk in the hallway, and then looked at the other two interns.

“Glad to meet you. Some of you know me, some are seeing me for the first time. I’ll spend the next one month with you. My name is Oh Byungchul. Right now the chief is busy, so let me introduce him later. Welcome to the Emergency Medical Department!”

To the interns, his voice sounded like that of the angel of the death.

In some way, life at the emergency medical department was much harder than at the surgery department.

It was because they had to take care of those taken into the emergency room for all 24 hours of the day, and thus they had no sufficient time to themselves compared to any other department.

Looking at the interns with a calm expression, Oh smiled a bit.

He thought that though they looked calm on the surface, they were screaming in their hearts.

Except for only one person. Lee Suhyuk. He got two nicknames from the surgery department. CT genius and Alien.

Shaking his head a bit, Oh opened his mouth again.

“You just do what you’re instructed to do. Personal opinion or questions are allowed only when you’re free, okay?”

“Yes, sir!”

With such a vigorous reply, they went into the emergency room along with Oh.

And there they could not help but stand blankly.

A patient was swearing, complaining about abdominal pain, and there was a man bleeding profusely from his leg bones laid bare.

They felt dizzy and at a loss of what to do.

During their internship at other departments all they did was to follow the resident, and they did not get any big scolding if they did an errand well. But they really could not figure out what to do here.

“Doctor, it looks like this patient needs to have a CT as soon as possible!”

At the nurse’s voice Oh looked at the interns in the back.

“You know where the shooting room is, right?”

“Yes!”

One intern, understanding Oh’s words, went to the patient quickly.

Oh called a nurse passing by.

“Ms Lee, here is an intern newly assigned to our department. Please give him some work to do.”

Oh smiled slightly, but the nurse hardened her face a bit.

She was already very busy, and even worse, she now had to take care of an intern.

“Did you ever disinfecting before?”

“Yes.”

The nurse and intern disappeared, and now only Suhyuk was left alone.

Oh, touching his chin, looked at him and said, “You...”

“Sir!”

At the nurse’s voice, Oh turned back his head.

The nurse among the ambulance crew was laying a patient on the bed.

Oh approached them quickly. It was a woman patient in her late 40s.

Though she had no external injury, she was making a big frown.

“Where do you feel pain?”

“I feel so painful as if my belly is splitting. Ooops, my belly!”

Oh raised her upper clothes and put the stethoscope on her.

“It seems like the main artery.”

Oh looked at Suhyuk as if he was asking what he is talking about.

Suhyuk pointed to the patient’s belly.

The spot right above the navel was pounding a bit as if it were hung with a heart.

Only with a careful examination could he notice it, and it lasted very briefly.

The pulse of the belly that bulged like a convex lens grew bigger.

It showed that the main artery swelled up as much as it could.

Oh called somewhere quickly. It was the emergency artery surgery team.

The patient was handed over to the team.

Oh said to Suhyuk, “Don’t go away from me.”

Suhyuk nodded his head, and that was the beginning of his internship.



“I suspect that the patient had pulmonary embolism. So oxygen should be given first of all.”

“The patient is breathing well. What are you talking about?”

“The veins need to be expanded without causing hypoxia.”

Suhyuk moved continuously. Carrying a patient to the shooting room directly, and

handing over an emergency patient to another department team with the name of the patient's disease. He alone was carrying out the work of two persons without any problem.

He was doing the same thing at the same moment.

Checking the ultrasound of an emergency patient, he approached Oh, saying, "I noticed about 1.5 cm of heterogeneous mixed echoclesion. Looks like it was a gallstone. I think you can check it with a laparoscopic rather than doing laparotomy."

Oh just nodded his head blankly.

"Yeah, just as you did before, just hand the patient to the surgery team."

"Yes, sir."

Suhyuk was turning back.

Looking at him, Oh murmured before he knew it, "What kind of star has he come from?"

# Chapter 70

Oh Byungchul kept shaking his head, glancing at Suhyuk.

He carried out all the work he was instructed to so. Nothing he could not accomplish.

Oh felt all the more need to test him.

There were not many patients, and he had some free time.

At that moment, a patient with a wry face was taken to the emergency room.

Oh signalled his eyes to Suhyuk, "Can you take care of him?"

Suhyuk's eyes became wide. No resident has ever let him take care of a patient before.

That was only natural because he was an intern.

It was like giving up a patient to let an intern treat him or her.

Suhyuk understood that he would normally not be asked to do such a thing, but the opportunity now came along to him.

He has been waiting for that kind of instruction all this time.

"Thank you."

With a short answer he approached the patient sitting on the bed.

Oh shook his head once more at his attitude.

*"Thank you? Isn't it normal for an intern to get so nervous or tremble just like an intern?"*

Besides, his eyes seemed to twinkle.

Oh followed him because he wanted to prevent him from making any trouble in advance.

A man with a wry face. He looked like a man in his early 20s.

Anybody looking at his behavior could figure out immediately that he had pain in his

hand.

For he was supporting his right hand with his left one as if it were a splint.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Did your hand get hurt?"

He nodded his head.

"How did it get hurt?"

"When I fell, I supported myself on the ground with my left hand. I wonder if the bone was fractured."

"Let me briefly take a look."

Suhyuk held his hand cautiously. No signs of swelling.

"Were you okay in the past?"

"Yes, I think it hurts because I fell down."

Suhyuk nodded. He had no symptoms of edema.

This time he examined the figure of his hand. Given that there was no distortion, did he have a fracture?

"Can you move your fingers?"

His trembling fingers moved.

"Just turn your wrist."

The patient's wrist turned with effort. Given his grim face, it seemed he barely managed to turn it.

"Good job."

Saying so, Suhyuk pressed on the back of his hand with his thumb gently. When he pressed on one area, a painful moaning came out from the patient's mouth.

It was the area of anatomical snuffbox, a triangle-shaped concave seen when one raises his thumb with the palm open.

The name of a disease came to his mind. 'Scaphoid fracture.'



Where there is a scaphoid fracture, one feels a pressure and ache on their anatomical snuffbox, an area that connects the carpal bones. Whenever one uses their wrist, the scaphoid supports it. Because it is used constantly, it receives a lot of stimulation. Fractures can be common when one falls with one's hand supporting one's weight or when one's wrist is broken

Suhyuk opened his mouth, looking at Oh.

"Looks like it is scaphoid fracture."

A dubious expression was formed on Oh's face. How can he determine it's a bone fracture just by pressing the patient's one finger?

"Are you sure?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"I guess so."

"Take an X-ray shot."

At his instruction, Suhyuk took the patient to the shooting room, and then he came back to the emergency room and showed Oh a shot uploaded on PC.

Oh closely looked at the shot. He could not figure out anything though.

At that moment Suhyuk pointed to one area with his finger.

"Here..."

Oh opened his mouth immediately.

"You're right..."

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly.

He could understand easily what Oh could not figure out.

A scaphoid fracture is so small that even an X-ray can not catch it.

Ironically, an intern was generous enough to understand the sorry circumstances of a resident.

Of course, Oh could not know it even in his dreams.

Suhyuk spoke to him still fixing his gaze on the PC.

“Fortunately, he had no displaced fat pad. As his fracture is not severe, we can fix it with a plaster.”

If one is seriously injured, it is difficult to recover from that injury, and if the blood circulation is not good in the scaphoid fracture, it can lead to the bone disintegrate. Accordingly, one diagnosed with a scaphoid fracture needs to go to the hospital quickly.

“How did you see it?”

At Oh’s asking, he pointed to the X-ray shot.

“Don’t you notice it here?”

Oh shook his head, and murmured to himself, “Maybe you’re right...”

Then he was speechless.



Two weeks were passing since Suhyuk had been assigned to the emergency medical department. He was hectically busy during that time, and sleeping only three to four hours a day, he stayed there. He deserved it because it was his actual clinical practice. Oh stood by him faithfully, though. Though he trusted him, Oh was a bit worried. That’s understandable because the label ‘intern’ accompanied Suhyuk. However skillful he was, a human being was supposed to make a mistake.

Suhyuk actively roamed around the hospital like a fish in water. As time went on, he looked like a superman. It was because of his way of speaking to and because of his glaring eyes at the patients, above all.

Three to four hours of sleep per day might have made him pooped out, but once he saw patients, he received the patients warmly as if they were his family.

However, when he spoke to himself, he could not be icier. He was like that from the beginning.

His attitude is still the same, and especially so when compared with his attitude towards patients.

1am. Bending his knees, he was matching his eyesight with that of a 9-year-old boy's.

Such an attitude showed how kind he was to patients.

"Do you still feel hurt?"

The boy, with watery tears in his eyes, nodded.

"You said the name of the dog that bit your fingers was Poppi?"

"Yes, sir."

"If she bites you again next time, bring her here. Let me punish her, so she can never do it again."

Suhyuk stroked his hair several times, and talked to his parents next to him, "As you said she is a pet and she has been vaccinated, I didn't give him a preventive shot against rabies. I'm afraid though that he will lose a fingernail. You don't have to bring him here anymore because you can do disinfection easily at home."

When his parents nodded, Suhyuk waved his hands at the boy.

And then Suhyuk said, with a scary expression, "Don't get hurt and come back here. Okay?"

As if he understood his remarks, the boy grabbed his mother's hand quickly.

Watching them, Oh just shook his head because he looked like the boy's real older brother.

Did he tell the boy not to come to the hospital? A doctor would tell him to disinfect even a little wound and come back again to the hospital, because it would lead to monetary gains for the hospital. Can he say the same thing when he opens his own clinic later? Maybe not.

Suhyuk waved his hands at them leaving the hospital.

Then Oh came close to him.

"Let me tell you again, man. You should not overwork yourself. You're clearly doing this because you love it."

Other interns are so anxious to take a break, but he would come out even if he was not

asked to do so.

"I'm alright," said Suhyuk.

"You don't look alright to me."

Actually his eyes looked drowsy, as if he would fall asleep instantly when he closed his eyes.

Like he said, Suhyuk was so tired. He felt his mind would clear if he could sleep for just one hour. But he could not. What if a new patient comes in during his sleep? He could not sleep, otherwise he would not be able to treat the patient.

"Hey, Oh Byungchul."

At someone's sharp voice Oh turned his head to the side, and Suhyuk too.

He was the chief of the emergency medical department.

Approaching Oh, he made a frown, and then he looked at Suhyuk standing a short distance away.

"Even though you're so busy, how could you let the intern take care of the patients? Are you crazy?"

Actually the chief could not take care of the interns because he himself was busy. Then he heard a strange rumor yesterday. It came from the nurses: an intern was treating patients in the emergency room. It turned out that the instruction was given by Oh, and the intern was Lee Suhyuk.

"In my eyes, he was so smart..."

At his words the chief's voice became even sharper.

"What? Are you going to take responsibility if he makes a smart mistake? Huh?"

"I'm sorry."

At his screaming Oh could not raise his head.

"Hey, intern!"

Suhyuk approached at the calling.

“Yes, sir.”

The chief was staring at him sternly.

“An intern is only a trainee. An intern has a long, long way to go when it comes to learning. Then...”

“Who is raising their voice like this in the emergency room?”

They turned their heads. He was the professor at the emergency artery department. He was Prof. Kim Jinwook.

The chief bent his head and bowed. So did the other two.

“What happened?”

At Kim’s asking, the chief looked at Suhyuk.

“I heard this intern consulted with patients and even treated them.”

Kim, looking at Suhyuk, nodded his head slowly.

“Consultation and treatment... So? Did he cause any medical accident?”

“I don’t mean that, but an intern’s untrained action might cause the patient...”

Kim asked Suhyuk, “What kind of patients did you...”

He scratched his head. He treated so many patients to the point that he could not remember well. He spoke about one that came to his mind first.

“A patient with pseudoaneurysm...”

“Ooops, it was you who sent the patient to our team? I’d forgotten completely, but now I begin to remember it. How did you find the cause of the disease? As the patient doesn’t feel pain usually, it’s hard to find its cause.”

“He was involved in a traffic accident. He had light bruises, but I had an X-ray taken of him, and found it out then.”

Kim nodded his head, “What a strange chance that patient met!”

An aneurysm was a very dangerous disease when the treatment timing was missed. Because the patient does not appeal of any pain, doctors often missed it. Since Suhyuk

found it out, did he not turn a coincidence into a strange chance?

Suhyuk and Prof. Kim were on speaking terms already, so the chief could not cut in.

Kim's glaring eyes were as if he were looking at gold bars.

Kim, while looking at Suhyuk with a laugh, said to the chief, "Mr. Lee. This man is quite capable. If someone can treat a patient, regardless of rank, is it only right to assign him to actual clinical practice?"

"Still, professor... what if something wrong happens to the patient..."

"Well, let me take responsibility for that. I've known Mr. Lee for very long. Right, Mr. Lee?"

Suhyuk nodded his head, while the chief and Oh opened their eyes wider.

When they were being surprised like that, the nurse watching the patient's condition touched her cell phone, and thought to herself, "He told me to contact him when Prof. Kim approached Suhyuk." She sent the text message to him.

In no time at all did another professor arrive at the emergency room, fluttering his white gown.

He was none other than Prof. Lee Mansuk.

At his appearance, Kim smiled bitterly. How did he know to come here?

"I haven't seen you for a while in the emergency room," said Prof. Kim.

At his words, Prof. Lee made an expression as if he did not understand it all.

"Well, I've come in and out of this place often for a long time," said Prof Lee.

Prof. Lee then looked at Suhyuk and said, "You're having a hard time late in the night. Have you eaten?"

"Not yet, sir."

Prof. Lee and Prof. Kim replied at the same time, "Let's go."

# Chapter 71

Sauces stimulating the appetite were sizzling away. The dish was bulgogi, barbequed beef.

Suhyuk sat before them. He was brought to this place from the emergency room by Prof. Kim and Prof. Lee.

Kim, filling Prof. Lee's glass with soju, spoke, "Strangely enough, you appear whenever I am meeting Suhyuk."

Prof. Lee made an expression as if he did not understand what he was saying.

"Well, it depends on your wording of the expression. Lee Suhyuk was just at the place where I went, and you were at the same place too."

The two men's eyes were strangely entangled in the air.

It looked like a spark would come out in the middle of them, but fortunately it did not.

"Please let me refill your glass," said Kim.

The two swallowed down their soju at once, and Kim spoke first, "These days, we have messy weather. It's warm sometimes and then cold. On such weather many patients with vascular diseases visit the hospital often, and at that, drunk. They need to drink moderately."

Prof. Lee's brows furrowed, but soon disappeared.

Vascular disease usually came to senior men. Clearly Kim was referring to him.

To him, Kim's remarks were taken as meaning that he should go back home quickly instead of doing harm to his health with drinking. Yes, Prof. Lee took it like that.

*'After sending me home, you guys would have a great time.'*

With a gentle smile, Prof. Lee filled the glass for Prof. Kim, saying, "Well, I increased the amount of exercise I do these days, so I feel so good about my health. Thanks to that, I can drink more than before."

“Hahaha... That’s good. Actually I was thirsty for a drink. As I saw you for the first time in a long while, I think I’d like to drink with you until we get totally drunk.”

Prof. Lee looked at Kim with a suspicious look.

“By the way, is it okay for a professor of the emergency artery team to have a drink like this? As far as I know, you have to live at the hospital 24 hours of the day.”

“Oh, I’ve got two smart fellows, so I don’t worry. I can relax like this for one day, and that day is today.”

Prof. Lee nodded his head.

“Okay. It’s good for us to treat patients, but we’re all doing this for a living, aren’t we? Cheers!”

Prof. Lee offered the glass, and Prof. Kim clinked it with his right away. Did they not realise it?

Suhyuk was already asleep, leaning against the chair.

When the tension in the emergency room he felt was released, he fell into a sleep that he could not get enough of. It seemed like he slept for two hours when they were drinking. Rather he felt that he just blinked once during that time. In other words, he slept like a log.

After waking from sleep, Suhyuk could not help but sigh.

The two professors fell into a drunken sleep, with their heads down. Besides, each of their hands, with glasses put on the table, were frozen like a stone statue.

“Professor Kim!” Suhyuk shook his shoulder.

Though his body moved from side to side at his shaking, there was no reaction from him.

It was the same for Prof. Lee. Sweeping up his hair, Suhyuk’s head moved to one side.

As many as 10 empty bottles of soju were piled up on the table.

At that moment the bar owner, cleaning up the tables, spoke to Suhyuk gently, “Looks like they’ve had a lot to drink.”



He felt like the owner wanted them to get out.

Suhyuk took out his cell phone to contact someone, because he could not carry them both on his own.

“Hi, is this the emergency artery team? Prof. Kim is very drunk at the moment...”

He also contacted the surgery department.



The next day Suhyuk was heading for the doctors-only restaurant with a light gait. After a sound sleep yesterday, he felt good. Walking in the lobby, he checked his cell phone.

<Did you eat yet?> It was a text message from Binna.

<I'm going to eat now>

<Oh, where are you now? If you don't mind, can you eat with me?>

Suhyuk did not think over it long. Anyway he was supposed to eat alone, as the other interns were not done yet with their morning assignments.

Suhyuk waited for her on the bench, and at that, briefly.

With a short breath she came to him. She was holding something in her hand.

It was a lunch box with five colored layers of side dishes.

“Hi.”

Bending her waist for greeting, she swept up her hair, showing a cute dimple.

“Please have this.”

Binna presented the lunch box to him.

“Did you pack it yourself?”

“Yes... I was afraid you could not have lunch well as you're assigned to the emergency medical team.”

Without meeting her eyes with his, Binna opened her mouth again, “Enjoy it.”

Then she turned back abruptly. When she was about to run away, Suhyuk grabbed her.

“Didn’t you say you want to share it with me?”

“Oh, you’re right...”

She slowly turned her body back to him, and he said with a gentle smile, “How about eating at the Sky Park?”

Folding her two hands, she nodded.

She just did not care as long as she was with him.

The Sky Park on the rooftop of Daehan Hospital was crowded with people as it happened to be lunch time. Though it was crowded, Suhyuk and Binna could find a spot they could sit down at for lunch. Oh, only one bench was left. Approaching the bench, Suhyuk made an embarrassed expression. Someone poured coffee there, leaving some sticky marks on it. Looking around, he could not find another bench. Suhyuk decidedly covered it with his white gown fluttering in the air, and sat on the bench.

“Have a seat.”

He had some spare gowns in his lodging anyway.

“Oh, thank you.”

With a blush on her face, she sat on it quietly. He was such a fantastic guy for anything.

Maybe she could not find such fine man on this earth, except for only the one man right before her eyes.

“It may not taste good, but...”

Saying so, Binna carefully opened the lunch box.

First came out fruits. Baby tomatoes and chopped banana, kiwi, melon. Besides, there was also bulgogi which he had missed out on at the restaurant yesterday evening with the two professors because he fell into sleep.

The soup she poured from a Thermos bottle was warm miso soy bean soup.

“Thanks for the lunch.”

At his words she also said, “Me too!”

Though she said so, she just pecked at it with chopsticks, even not knowing whether she was putting it in her mouth or nose, and she kept checking his expression.

She got up at 4am to pack the lunch box. She had never done something like this before. For one week she practiced packing the lunch box again and again.

“I wonder if you like it.”

While she was eating a bit, Suhyuk’s voice was heard in her ears, “You make really nice food.”

Binna’s eyes became wide a bit.

“Well, I did my best to make it...”

“It really tastes good.”

Her eyes, not yet meeting with his eyes, began to move cautiously.

“I’m relieved to hear that.”

Binna smiling at him. Suhyuk thought her dimple was really pretty.



2am. After a busy day at the emergency room, he was in pensive mood while going back to his lodging. It was because of what the chief said to him.

“Tomorrow the faculty has a conference, and they want you there. It’s at 9am, so don’t be late.”

He did not inform him about the reason. No, he said he did not know it either.

*‘Why me?’*

He could not find out why, however hard he thought it over.

*‘Because I treated patients as an intern? That’s out of the question, because the professors didn’t need to be involved directly. They could tell their residents to stop me.’*

When he thought that far, he blew away all the suspicions that came to his mind.

Anyway he would know the reason tomorrow.

Back at the lodging he covered the blankets for his fellow intern who was sleeping soundly.

Snoring from such a quiet guy who barely moved in bed suggested how hard his internship was.

Taking off his gown, he lay on the bed, and his eyes closed slowly.



At the next day break, wearing a gown, Suhyuk tidied up his attire.

He got on the elevator to head for the conference room. It was 8:50am.

He opened the locked door and went in.

Then all the professors' heads turned to him at once.

Suhyuk greeted them calmly.

"Hello, sir. This is intern Lee Suhyuk."

The faculty nodded slowly.

"Welcome!"

Prof. Lee Mansuk welcomed him with a satisfactory look. So did Prof. Kim.

"Have a seat here."

Kim beckoned him to take a vacant seat beside him.

When he moved there, Prof. Lee looked at him nastily.

Suhyuk sat on the seat and looked around.

The conference room was big, but there were many vacant seats.

Including him, there were seven sitting in the room.

Those he knew were Prof. Lee and Prof. Kim, but Prof. Han was not seen.

Suhyuk asked Kim quietly, “Any reason why you called for me...”

Then a professor, wiping his glasses, said, “Looks like everybody is here. Mr Lee Suhyuk?”

Suhyuk, rising from the seat, replied, “Yes, sir”

The faculty fixed their gaze on him.

The professor wiping his glasses opened his mouth again.

“I saw a patient yesterday, and he had compartment syndrome. Do you know about it?”

Suhyuk was embarrassed at the abrupt question.

That professor looked at Prof. Lee and Prof. Kim as if he was asking what’s so special about Suhyuk.

Then Lee and Kim were looking at Suhyuk sharply like a laser, as if they were pressing him to answer quickly as he knew about it.

“Yeah, I thought as much.”

Then, the professor who threw the question rose from the seat to leave.

“As the tissue pressure inside the closed compartment surrounding the fascia increases, the capillary perfusion is reduced and the muscles and other soft tissues are necrotic.”

The professor, who rose from the seat, opened his eyes wider, but his surprise was gone instantly. He could learn a summary of a disease well if he studied it.

Sitting back on the seat gently, the professor opened his mouth again, “And...”

Suhyuk knitted his brows a bit. He was thinking it over. He replied to his question about the disease. Then what did he want to add?

“Are you talking about compartment syndrome?”

“Yes.”

“How did he get hurt?”

“31-year-old patient. He had his legs laid under a marble while working. While he was hospitalized at another hospital waiting for treatment, he was handed over to us because he had acute edema and pain.”

At his explanation, Suhyuk visualized the patient’s condition at the time, and then said, “In my opinion, vital signs showed blood pressure was 112/73. The pulse would have risen, of course. Physical examination showed tenderness during passive exercise. The feeling in his feet was depressed. The measured compartment pressure was likely to be about 54mmHg.

Suhyuk’s explanation was over. When their eyes were becoming wider, Suhyuk continued to explain, “As for treatment, you may consider fasciotomy if the compartment pressure continues to rise from 30 to 50.”

Suhyuk was looking around cautiously. The professors were looking at him quietly.

*‘Do I have to add more?’*

Actually there was nothing more he could add, because he narrated about the condition, his opinion and treatment methods. Oh, did he miss one thing?

“As for fasciotomy, I can take care of it.”

## Chapter 72

Prof. Lee and Prof. Kim wore a satisfactory smile.

The conference was quiet, but Kim broke the silence first, "This is an intern assigned to the emergency medical department. These days I hear that he's treating patients directly. Even the resident in charge has shown surprise at his skills."

At his praise, Suhyuk made an embarrassed expression.

At that moment another professor asked, "Did you ever volunteer yourself for medical activities?"

It was a totally unexpected question. The topic suddenly changed from disease to volunteer activities. Suhyuk suddenly recalled his volunteer activities involving deliveries of briquette.

The memories of his taking care of the old men and women's wounds were so vivid to him as if he did it just yesterday. Suhyuk opened his mouth, "I did many other things, but not volunteer activities."

Actually his briquette delivery was not volunteer activities. The faculty nodded their heads.

"Okay, go and do your work."

At the professor's words, Suhyuk was a bit embarrassed. They called for and questioned him, and now let him go. Well, there was nothing he could do to resist. He had to go as he was told to do so. Though he was curious about the reason they called for him, he bowed his head to say goodbye. Then Prof. Kim, smiling softly, said, "Can you wait a bit outside?"

So out Suhyuk went and the professors stayed in the room.

"I think I've met a smart boy for the first time in a long time. And he is bold enough. Did he say he can take care of fasciotomy? Hahaha..."

At his feigned laugh, Prof. Kim said calmly, "He really could do so. He's a very capable guy."

“As Prof. Kim said so about him, I think he could do it,” a professor said.

Though he answered like that, the professor did not believe it in his heart. How can an intern do the surgery? Even a resident would laugh it away. Nonetheless, he’s smart and he’s got good sense. He correctly understood compartment syndrome, and he could figure out the exact condition of the patient. That was a bit surprising. His surprise was only brief because he might have answered it correctly by sheer luck. How can any doctor infer vital signs from the history and symptom of the patient’s disease?

“I think Mr. Lee Suhyuk is the right candidate.”

Everybody nodded at Prof. Lee’s statement. It was proved from the situation a moment ago that Suhyuk was much better than other interns. Now they had only one thing to do.

Who among the professors would agree to participate?

“Let me go,” Kim said.

Then, Prof. Lee spoke too, “You are an emergency room guy. And busy too. Let me go.”

“As I told you yesterday, I have two smart fellows at the department.”

Then, the professor who threw the question to Suhyuk, added, “Let me go this time, because the hospital director said it directly to me...”

Momentarily Lee and Kim frowned their eyes, If that’s true, the reason why they called for Suhyuk to come here was just meaningless. They could not change the assigned professor just because they recommended Suhyuk as the right candidate.

“Alright,” said, Prof. Kim as he rose from the seat feebly. So did Prof. Lee.

Going outside, the two professors could see Suhyuk sitting on the bench.

He cautiously asked them, “Why did you call for me?”

Frowning his face, Prof. Kim said, “After lunch today, you’re supposed to go for volunteer activities. The hospital director, professor and you, all three.”

Once a year the hospital director went out for volunteer activity, and it was the same with other hospitals. They met at the same place at the same time for the activities.



Hospital director, professor, intern and a nurse. Only these four went, because sending a lot of medical staff can be a burden to the hospital. And it was very unusual for several professors to gather like today and select an intern for the volunteer activity. The reason was simple.

One year ago the hospital director fell into disgrace because an intern who went out for the volunteer activity made a big trouble. So, they decided to take an intern with some more medical knowledge to the activity.

Even though they had such a trouble last year, a resident or more experienced medical staffer could not accompany the hospital director because other hospital directors would bring an intern to the activity. In other words, it was a matter of pride for them.

Prof. Lee, looking at Suhyuk quietly, soon opened his mouth, "The professor you're going with is Prof. Lee Sukki. He is very wicked, and puts money before the patient. So let what he says goes in one ear and out the other."

Who knows if he would decide to snatch away a golden boy like Suhyuk? So, Prof. Lee wanted him not to trust Prof. Lee Sukki. Prof. Kim agreed.

"Did you hear Prof. Lee? I don't know him well, but I hear some bad rumors about him."

Suhyuk just nodded his head.

*'Even though he is weird, I would have no trouble if I just do what I'm asked to do.'*

"Is there anything I need to prepare?"

At his asking, the two professors said at the same time, "Cellphone."



Suhyuk went to see resident Oh Byungchul who was in charge of him, and told him about the volunteer activity. He patted him on the shoulder, wishing him well, and thought to himself, *'I'm going to be busy today.'*

That's true. Suhyuk's response to treating patients was speedy. Presenting his own opinion about emergency patients and handing them over to the relevant medical team was a very quick process for him, like a flash of lightning. And now, he would be going out for a volunteer activity all day long today.

Suhyuk had been doing his share until now, but he's out for volunteering, which meant he might not be able to find time to sleep.

Unaware of Oh's such concerns at all, Suhyuk went out of the back door of the emergency room. An ambulance was waiting, with its back door open wide. It was mobilized for the volunteer activity. Holding a first-aid box, Suhyuk moved to the back of the ambulance. At that moment his eyes met with a woman's sitting inside the ambulance.

The surprised nurse opened her eyes wide. She was Han Binna.

The two said at the same time, pointing their fingers toward each other, "Volunteer activity?" asked she.

Suhyuk smiled slightly, saying, "Yes, I was in..."

Suddenly, she scooted over to him and sat quickly. Suhyuk got in and sat next to her.

Binna held the first-aid box tightly.

*'If I had known I would see him like this, I should have put some makeup on my face.'*

She was hectically busy with taking care of her morning work, so she was all sweaty over her body.

She began to move to the side a bit. She wanted to sit a bit of a distance away from him for fear her body would smell of sweat.

"Are you uncomfortable?"

She shook her head at his asking.

"Oh, no."

"Are you really okay? Your face is reddish, and looks like you have some temperature."

"Ah, it looks like it's too hot today."

Suhyuk nodded his head. It's fine weather today.

The ambulance left after about 10 minutes.

Come to think of it, he did not know the destination. All he heard was it would take him about one hour to get there. He wondered if his feelings now might be the same

as if when being kidnapped comfortably.

“Do you happen to know the destination?”

“I only heard we’re going out for a volunteer activity... I’m sorry.”

*‘What is she sorry about?’*

“We’ll know when we get there. By the way, the lunch you made really tasted good. Really delicious. Next time let me treat you.”

Come to think of it, he was always treated to a meal by her, ranging from pasta to now a lunch box.

Now it’s his turn to treat her back.

At his words, she waved her hands and said, “No... I just treated you because I wanted to.”

He smiled at her appearance. She was the type of woman whose inner heart was revealed to the outside naturally, and he felt it was warm.

The ambulance kept driving and finally arrived at the destination.

When he opened the door, Prof. Lee was exchanging greetings with some people. They were all in white gowns, apparently from other hospitals. They were divided into three groups.

When Suhyuk and Binna approached, Prof. Lee turned his head and said, “You’re here!”

That was it. He was busy again greeting other people.

Then a middle-aged man in a suit and gown approached him.

With a pot belly but generous impression, he was none other than the hospital director.

“Hello?”

When Suhyuk and Binna said hello, he nodded his head and said, “I heard about you on the TV several times.”

He had seen on TV a few times that Suhyuk in his middle school days cut the

cricothyroid membrane and found out the secret of a cadaver.

At his words, Suhyuk wore an awkward expression.

“I happened to be on news...”

The hospital director showed a good smile. When he watched the news at the time, his action seemed rather reckless on the one hand, and spectacular on the other.

He wished Suhyuk did not act recklessly today... Well, he could order him not to examine patients or have him do on an errand.

Then Prof. Lee came to him, saying “We have reporters here, sir.”

Then he spoke to Suhyuk and Binna, “Stand beside me, and what’s your name nurse?”

“I’m Han Binna, sir”

“Okay. You stand beside the director.”

The four stood around the director in a row. Suhyuk turned back.

It was a shantytown on the brink of collapse.

They wanted to take a picture with it as the background.

A reporter lifted a camera to take the picture, saying, “You are really great, given that there are not many people who take time out for a volunteer activity like this. Now, let me take a picture of you.”

*Click, click.*



Those staff from different hospitals were scattered, and visited one house after another to examine the people. Holding a notebook, each reporter followed each team.

“This way, director!”

Prof. Lee, walking ahead, guided the director. He skillfully moved his body as if he had been there before. Soon they arrived at the red gate of a house, and Lee knocked on the door.

“Is anybody in?”

“Who is it?”

A middle-aged man in slippers opened the door. Confirming who they were from their white gowns, he said, “You doctors are here for an examination!”

At his words, Lee said, “Can we come in?”

“Of course, please. It’s rather shabby though.”

The Daehan Hospital team went into the house.

The room was small, so Suhyuk and Binna decided to wait outside. Ironically, the reporter was brought in by Prof. Lee. The director examined the man. He touched on the man’s body with a stethoscope, and checked his blood pressure with a blood pressure device. On such occasions camera flashes went off.

“Do you happen to have high blood pressure?”

At his asking, the man nodded.

“It’s fluctuating in temperature these days. So those with high blood pressure should take more caution on cold days like this. Also stay away from food that contains sodium and red meat...”

The director’s explanation was simple. As he has high blood pressure, he has to avoid certain food and take certain food. That’s it. And then he moved to another house.

It was the same this time. Prof. Lee used a stethoscope, checked the blood pressure and said almost the same thing as the director, and then left.

Looking at their activities like that, Suhyuk frowned his face. Why did they ask him to follow when they were doing a half-hearted job like that. Just holding their baggage? That seemed true.

“Let’s go.”

When the director and Prof. Lee went out, Suhyuk stepped aside and looked inside the room.

A grandfather with a bent back almost touching his navel. When he was trying to rise to see them off, Suhyuk said, “Don’t come out, sir.”

Suhyuk gently closed the door without hearing his reply.

Getting out the room, Suhyuk briefly saw them looking around leisurely.

Then he heard something, “Ooops...!”

A boy, who fell down, was stroking his knee with an expression as if about to cry.

“Does it hurt a lot?”

Going down on one knee, Suhyuk opened the first-aid box, and took out gauze and disinfection medicine.

“Who are you?”

Suhyuk smiled at the boy casting a watchful eye.

“I’m a doctor.”

The boy’s face hardened more at hearing the word ‘doctor’.

Rather he was more afraid of the disinfection medicine Suhyuk was holding.

When the boy raised his head, feeling a sting, Suhyuk was already done with disinfecting and put a bandage on it. He split the boy’s hair and said, “Next time hold your balance when you’re running around, okay?”

Then, Prof. Lee, walking ahead, called out to him, “What are you doing? Follow us quickly!”

After breathing out a sigh without realising, Suhyuk joined the team.

“When is the volunteer activity over, sir?”

At Suhyuk’s asking, Prof. Lee said, “It’ll be over pretty soon. So be patient even if it’s boring.”

“If we’re done, please let me go back home right away.”

# Chapter 73

Prof. Lee Sukki frowned at Suhyuk's remarks.

He thought he did not know how to socialize with the people.

"We're going to have a dinner meeting after we're done today."

At Lee's remarks, the hospital director said to Suhyuk, "Do you have any other work today?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Yes, I've got some important work to do. I'd appreciate it if you could excuse me."

The director nodded slowly, saying, "Okay, go ahead then."

"Thank you, sir."

With that they began examining the less fortunate people.

The director and the professor met them like before. Likewise Suhyuk was watching them, with the first-aid in hand. It was already 5pm.

They gathered again at the same place as before for a group picture before getting on the ambulance.

"You're really not coming with us?"

Prof. Lee asked Suhyuk from inside the ambulance.

"No, sir. It's really important. I'm sorry."

Nodding his head, Lee closed the door.

So, Suhyuk was left alone, looking at the ambulance disappearing slowly.

Soon he turned his gaze at the shantytown and smiled.

His eyes reflected a sleeping baby that was dry as a bone, a grandfather with a bent back, and a grandmother handing out soybean milk to him. Wearing smiles as warm

as spring sunshine, he moved.

It was past 10pm. The rusty iron door opened with a heavy noise.

“Is anybody in?”

At the woman’s voice, Suhyuk said to the grandfather he was seeing, “Let me go out.”

Coming out of the room, his eyes became wider.

The woman was holding a transparent plastic bag.

She was Binna who went out for the dinner meeting.

“Ms. Binna?”

At his words she avoided his eyes, turning her head to the side.

“I thought you would need this...”

The contents in the bag were clearly visible. All were medical supplies.

When the hospital director and the professor were examining them, she saw Suhyuk’s glaring eyes, and vaguely recalled his character when he said he would go back home at the shantytown.

His eyes looking at the patients were clearly different from others.

So, just in case, she came out before they began to have drinks, and arrived at the shantytown.

She searched for him for about 30 minutes busily, and finally could find him.

Looking at her quietly, Suhyuk grinned and took the plastic bag she had been holding.

“As a matter of fact, I needed some bandages. Please wait a little while,” said he.

Taking out the bandages, he went in. It did not take long.

“Please take care of your health, and visit the hospital when you don’t feel good.”

“Thanks, thanks.”

As soon as he heard the grandfather say that, he went out again.



“Looks like you spent a lot of money on this.”

When he gestured with his eyes toward the plastic bag, Binna quickly waved her hands.

“No! I’ve got lots of money!”

Saying so, she felt that she made a mistake.

Lots of money? It was not something she could say as she was suffering from a small salary.

Suhyuk grinned slightly.

“I’ll pay you back later.”

She shook her head. On such occasions her long straight hair waved from side to side.

“I’m okay because I’ve got lots of money.”

*‘Why does she keep saying something like that?’*

“Let’s move.”

Both went out of the grandfather’s house.

Today of all days a mysterious bright moon illuminated them, and they walked in the moonlight.

“It’s late. Please go home.”

At his words she opened her red and thin lips, “How about you, sir...”

“Well, I have some other people I have to see.”

“I just wonder why you’re staying here alone for this...”

He just smiled at her remarks, and said, “Because I’m a doctor.”

Her heart beat strongly. *‘Yes, he is my type.’*

“I’m a nurse... So let me assist you!”



“Time flies so fast, doesn’t it?”

At Oh’s remarks, all the interns showed bright expressions, but said regrettably, “Thanks for your teaching, sir. I’ll come back to see your face sooner or later.”

“I’m so sorry to leave you like this as soon as I have become attached to you.”

Hearing them, Oh nodded regrettably and said, “Then why don’t you take your speciality as emergency medical science?”

They were just speechless at Oh’s suggestion.

For it was a department they would never want to come back to. Let alone sleep, they did not even have proper meals during the one month of internship at the department.

As they were hesitant without answering, Oh just grinned, and looked at Suhyuk, saying, “Thanks for your hard work.”

“Well, I didn’t do anything worth mentioning,” replied Suhyuk.

Suhyuk really felt he did not do anything particular. He just received and examined patients, then transferred them to the proper medical teams based on his opinions. Of course he proceeded with simple first-aid by himself. He wished he had been allowed in the operation room.

On the contrary, Oh was shaking his head in his heart. Actually Suhyuk did all the work at the emergency room. What will make him stand out again at another medical department?

Thinking that, Oh turned back, fluttering his white gown.

“Nice! We’re done here at the emergency room.”

“How about a drink over some chicken?”

Suppressing their voices, they murmured quietly and went in the opposite direction of the emergency room.

Turning his head, Oh looked at them going back. Actually he was watching Suhyuk carefully amongst them. In a short time, Daehan Hospital will be shaken up by him. At least Oh thought so.

“See you soon, Alien.”

With this, Suhyuk got three nicknames.



That sweet night passed by. There was no call, and nobody woke him up.

A new day broke.

“Good morning!”

At the interns’ loud morning greeting, a man wearing horn-rimmed glasses was picking his ears.

He was in his early or mid 30s, but had a small figure less than 160cm in height.

He was the resident who would be in charge of the new interns.

“I’m not deaf.”

“Sorry, sir.”

“You don’t have to feel sorry. I’m Shin Gichol. I’ll be spending one month with you.”

“I am at your service!”

Looking at them one by one, his gaze stopped on Suhyuk.

“You’re Suhyuk, right?”

“Yes, sir. I am at your service!”

“I hear rumors that you’re a great intern. I trust you can do well here.”

Suhyuk nodded his head lightly.

“This morning we’re supposed to make the rounds with the professor. Don’t make any mistakes...”

Shin’s eyes became wider while he was talking because the professor walked up close to him.

He came 30 minutes earlier.

“You arrived here already, sir.”

The interns bowed their heads all together. Shin was making an embarrassed expression because he did not yet prepare a medical chart for the rounds.

“I’ll prepare one for you shortly, sir.”

Prof. Lee Mansuk shook his head, saying, “You can prepare it slowly. I badly need one intern who can help me handle something urgently.”

He looked at the interns one by one, and then stared at Suhyuk.

*‘Hey, tell me you can help me.’*

Regrettably, someone else volunteered for him.

“If you can tell me what it is, I think I could help you...” said Shin.

Lee shook his head abruptly, saying, “No, no. How can /i ask you for it seeing as you’re quite busy?”

He began to select the right one among the interns, and then his gaze stopped instantly.

“Can you help me?”

The intern reflected in his eyes was Lee Suhyuk.

“Yes, sir.”

Only then did Lee show a satisfactory expression. He said to Shin, “Let’s make the round in 30 minutes.”

“Let me prepare for it then.”

“Mr. Lee, follow me.”

After saying that, he turned back, and Suhyuk followed him.

The interns watching them from behind let out a sigh of relief, because it would have been terrible if any of them had been selected instead of Suhyuk. How can they assist Prof. Lee when they did not know anything?

Prof. Lee’s office.

Brewing coffee by himself, Prof. Lee put it down before Suhyuk.

“Try it. I hear it’s direct import coffee, and its fragrance is just wonderful.”

“Thanks.”

Suhyuk took a sip of coffee and opened his mouth, “What kind of assignment do you want to give me, sir?”

“Hey, just take it easy, man. Oops, I completely forgot about it! Let me go out to make the rounds. So please wait here a bit.”

Lee went out of the office abruptly, and Suhyuk was just scratching his chin.

It took more than the allotted time that Prof. Lee made for the rounds. He did not come back even after 30 minutes passed. Rising from the seat, Suhyuk approached the bookshelf in the office.

Medical literature and papers. He pulled out one and turned over the pages.

There was nothing interesting there. He knew the contents already.

It was the same when he checked two or three of the medical books.

Then the door opened and in came Prof. Lee.

“Did you wait for long?”

“Not really, sir.”

With a gentle laugh, Lee gestured with his eyes towards the book he was holding.

“Have you been studying it? If you like it, you can borrow it.”

“Sorry, I took it without your permission...”

“Don’t say that. Hey, we are not strangers, right? I’ve known you since you were a PK student. So if you need it, you can borrow papers and books.”

“Don’t mention it, sir.”

Suhyuk sat back on the sofa, and likewise Lee sat on the sofa, facing him.

“So, how do you feel about coming to the neurosurgery department?”

Suhyuk made a slight laugh. No particular feeling, but he said, "I've got expectations, sir."

It was true that he had some expectations. What kind of knowledge he could get from here...

Suhyuk, while smiling brightly, checked his cellphone all of a sudden.

It was a call from Prof. Kim Jinwook.

As soon as Suhyuk confirmed who it was, he swiftly switched it to silence mode.

"Do you happen to carry a cellphone?"

"Yes, but it stays turned off because it has no battery. I recharge it when it's needed."

"No, no. A machine needs to rest like a human being. Just keep it turned off today."

"What do you mean..."

At Suhyuk's questioning, he slurred and looked at the wall clock.

"Oh, it's already lunch time. Let's go and eat..."

"What about the urgent thing you mentioned?"

"Well, we're all doing this for a living. So, let's eat first."

So, the two went out of the office.

They did not go to the hospital food court. Instead, he got into Lee's car and they drove to a Korean food restaurant. When they came back to the hospital, it was 1pm sharp.

Suhyuk, coming back with Lee, said, "Which urgent work do I need to do?"

"It's not that urgent."

Drinking a sip of coffee, he said with a different tone, "You had a hard time going around the hospital wards to check patients, right?"

Yes, definitely he did. When he was an intern, he also had such a terrible internship.

"It was okay to me."

Lee nodded his head slowly.

That was the type of an intern he had been expecting. His calm statement and expression that the internship was not that hard. Lee had no choice but to covet him.

Then Lee's cellphone rang. "Yes, this is Prof. Lee."

Nodding his head, he talked with the caller about something, and he looked at Suhyuk after he hung up the phone. Did Suhyuk overhear it? His eyes were shining, and his face looked like revitalized.

"A patient with peripheral occlusive vascular disease. He is getting surgery. Do you want to go with me?"

Suhyuk replied, as if he should, "Thank you, sir"

He did not hesitate at all, because an opportunity came along.

# Chapter 74

Prof. Lee, coming out of the hallway with Suhyuk, opened his mouth, “Do you know what peripheral occlusive vascular disease is?”

Suhyuk answered simply, “It’s a disorder of the blood supply.”

Prof. Lee smiled pleasantly. If he had asked other interns, they would have paraded boring medical terms one by one... But Suhyuk was different. His answer was short, concise and to the point.

“Why does it happen?”

“It’s caused mainly because of atherosclerosis.”

Atherosclerosis is a vascular disease in which endothelial cells proliferate and cholesterol is deposited and atheroma is formed in the endocardium enclosing the blood vessels as if an old pipe has rusted and foreign matter gotten stuck in it. Accordingly, it is mainly senior people who are afflicted with this disease. Blood clots are formed and hemorrhage occurs in the atheroma, narrowing the diameter of the blood vessel and clogging it. This leads to peripheral obstacles.

“Does the patient need any amputation surgery?”

Prof. Lee, smiling at his remarks, showed a surprised look.

If one’s body does not show any disability, one can end treatment with medication. On the contrary, surgery is essential if serious conditions are unavoidable with just medication. Amputation is necessary to preserve the healthy part of the limb.

“You’re right. He needs to have his left leg amputated.

At his reply, Suhyuk made a regrettable expression.

What kind of a patient were they? In his 60s or 70s?

Why did he not do anything about his legs before getting to the point where he needed such a surgery?

He must have come to the hospital when he could not bear his condition anymore,



though he took it lightly and left it untreated. Also he wanted to save some money and did not want to make his children worry. Most senior patients came to the hospital that way. Suhyuk could learn this after he started his internship.

With a little sigh he got on the elevator. When the elevator stopped at the destination, Lee and Suhyuk came out. Then, Lee picked up the phone, saying, "I'm going to the surgery. Are you ready?"

Lee knitted his brows slightly.

"Prof. Lee has arrived?"

Actually the patient was not someone Lee Mansuk was in charge of. Another professor was supposed to perform the surgery, but some urgent business made Lee Mansuk take his place. Then, the professor in charge just arrived at the surgery room.

Looking at Suhyuk, Lee opened his mouth, "So? Prof. Lee said he would perform the surgery as planned?"

Suhyuk's expression was tinged with regret. Hearing the conversation, he could know the surgery cancellation by Prof. Lee was a done deal.

Prof. Lee Mansuk, who fixed his gaze on Suhyuk, turned around, saying, "No, no, let me do it this time."

A resident's tiny voice came from the cellphone.

"Oh, Lee went into the surgery room already..."

"...Okay, then."

The phone was hung up like that. Prof. Lee could not ask Lee to come out as he was in the surgery room... He turned his head to Suhyuk.

When he felt Suhyuk was certain to be disappointed, he could not just let the surgery pass.

Then something came to his mind like a lightning bolt.

He said, with a grin, "Let me go into the surgery room a bit later."

"Didn't you say the operation would be performed by another doctor?"

He nodded his head.

“Well, things happened that way. But I have many patients for surgery. At 5pm, I have another patient due for surgery. You can come then.”

Hearing his explanation, Suhyuk’s hardened expression became a bit bright.

“What kind of a patient?”

“Disc problem in the neck.”



Suhyuk was sitting inside Prof. Lee’s office quietly. Asking him to take a break, Prof. Lee went out for some business, and then one hour passed. Suhyuk rose from the seat.

He used a computer and browsed some books. There was nothing he could do in the office.

Suddenly it came to his mind when he first saw Prof. Lee: *‘If you become my disciple, I’m going to guarantee your break time.’* Was this out of his concern for me from back then?

Suhyuk’s educated guess was exactly right. Prof. Lee wanted to get some break time for him.

Any medical staff knew how hard the internship was.

So, Prof. Lee gave him break time at his own discretion. When Suhyuk was down in body and mind, he wanted to show favor to him with comfort like this.

However, Prof. Lee’s wishes like that were completely crashed.

Suhyuk, leafing through books, murmured, “I’d rather stay at the emergency room.”

It was too boring. The reason he came to the hospital was to take care of patients.

Just idling away time, confined to the office like this was not in his element, and made him feel heavy. He looked down at the floor.

*‘How much are the patients suffering when I’m idling away here?’*

It was just regrettable for him not to see the patients as much as he wanted.

He looked at one of his hands, and thought to himself: When an opportunity comes along, I won't hesitate. When I show to them what I can do, and get the real results, can it lead to some sort of change in the authoritarian system of the hospital? Change in a way that a capable doctor could see the patients as much as he or she wants?

While Suhyuk was thinking like that, the time was passing.

Finally it was the operation time Lee mentioned.

At that moment, Prof. Lee opened the office door and came in, saying, "Let's go."

Suhyuk's eyes were shining. They arrived at a patient's room.

They came to see the patient before surgery. A 41-year-old man.

The man had been afflicted with a disc problem in the neck for ten years.

Though he was treated with physical therapy and medication at other hospitals, his condition got so bad that he was hospitalized at Daehan Hospital.

He was suffering from severe trembling in his hands and some paralysis.

"Please take care of him well, doctor," his wife earnestly requested to Prof. Lee.

"I've been in this speciality for several decades. Those patients I treated were discharged with smiles. Some of them were lawmakers. So don't worry."

After saying that, he slightly looked at Suhyuk, because his remarks were intended for him to hear them.

"Then, I'll see you later."

When Lee and Suhyuk went out, the medical staff were pushing the patient's bed and followed them.

Both of them, standing side by side, were disinfecting their hands.

"The world has become so much better. Nowadays, disc patients can be treated with laparoscopy or laser surgery quickly. By the way, why does the current patient need to have this surgery?"

At Lee's asking, Suhyuk answered shortly, "Isn't it because the disc has been fragmented, not prolapsed?"

Saying so, Suhyuk changed into surgery gowns as if it were natural to him.

Prof. Lee looked at him blankly. How did he know the answer?

He felt as if he were facing a fortune teller. And then he made a feigned smile.

*‘That’s possible because he would be my disciple.’*

The two went into the surgery room right away.

The medical staff looked at Suhyuk with a suspicious expression.

“He’s an intern who came here to observe the operation.”

At Lee’s remarks they were back to their busy preparation for the surgery.

When anesthesia was done, the medical staff checked the patient’s condition.

Blood pressure, pulse, breathing, and brain oxygen saturation, etc.

All indicated a normal condition, and soon the patient was in deep sleep.

The nurses brought a thin green cotton sheet to cover the patient from head to toe.

The sheet had a hole around the neck area only.

“Now we’re starting anterior cervical discectomy fusion.”

It was a surgery to remove the bursting disc after cutting 3-4 cm of the neck area.

“Scalpel!”

When Lee held out his hand, an assistant gave a scalpel to him.

During typical thoracic surgery, assistants gather around the patient to help the surgeon, but for a fine incision like this, only the surgeon is in charge. Assistants hand over surgery tools or check the condition of the patient through a medical device.

Prof. Lee looked at Suhyuk before incising the patient’s neck and gestured with his eyes toward a monitor on the side. The view of Lee’s microscope was openly projected on the monitor. Lee indicated to him that he should look at it. Soon Lee moved a scalpel with his eyes into the microscope. The skin was cracked and the scalpel reached the cervical spine at once. Because the incision was so microscopic, it was an operation that did not require blood transfusion. But as he had to touch the sensitive parts

during surgery, there were many risk factors. The lesion should be removed in a way that the scalpel would not touch the nerve and muscle attached to the target point.

Suhyuk was watching the monitor silently. Though it was regrettable that he could not participate in the surgery, it did not matter. It was way better for him to be in the surgery room than being confined in the office. Above all, Prof. Lee's way of using his fingers was excellent.

His nimble fingers slowly removed the disc protruding between the cervical vertebrae with a forceps. The technique was very smooth, and he smiled unwittingly. It resembled the face of the teacher who pleasantly watched a child who painted a picture.

He pulled the tissue out with his tongs and went further into the neck. Then a white film covering the central nervous system was revealed.

Suhyuk, watching the screen, looked at Lee.

Suddenly the nurse, coming to Lee, was wiping his sweat.

"Huh..." Lee sighed deeply and took his eyes to the microscope again.

It was really important from now on.

As his hand was deep into it, the nerves became closer. It was possible that the nerves could be ruined with his mishandling. Suhyuk's sharp eyes were fixed on the screen.

It was not that short an amount of time.

Lee, removing all the lesions, said, "This is the cervical width of the patient with the disc."

The cervical vertebrae seemed to have a mouth full of liquid. The width was about 3mm.

"The width narrows if the nerves are pressed, and the body is obstructed."

Then he opened the cervical spine with his tongs.

The distance between the cervical vertebrae was widened to 6mm.

"Only when the patient keeps this condition, his nerves will be cured without being squeezed."

The medical staff stared at the screen, and were all ears not to miss even one word.

On the other hand, Suhyuk just nodded his head calmly.

Now all he had to was to insert a cage that is as big as one's thumb nail.

"Cage."

The assistant handed over the cage filled with bone marrow.

And a ballpoint pen and a hammer.

Lee seemed to be moving as if he were knocking on a gong.

At first glance, it was as if he was sculpting a person.

He was nailing down a cage.

Then, Suhyuk's eyes frowned.

"Professor."

# Chapter 75

Lee stopped knocking the cage at Suhyuk's voice.

Taking off his eyes from the microscope, he turned his head to Suhyuk.

And his eyes were asking him, *'What is the matter?'*

Suhyuk, staring at the monitor, said, "The cage seems to have been nailed astray."

At his words, the medical staff looked at him sharply.

How dare an intern disagree with Prof. Lee Mansuk, the top surgeon in the country?

On the other hand, Lee stared at the microscope.

*'Where does he say it's been rammed astray?'*

In his eyes, it was being nailed properly.

"Mr. Lee Suhyuk."

He approached Lee.

"I think it's okay. The monitor screen and the microscope may look a little different from seeing it with your own eyes. Do you want to take a look?"

The medical staff opened their eyes at Lee's voice at his suggestion to Suhyuk like that.

It was not something Lee would say to an intern.

In the surgery room, the professor was usually quiet.

Only the sound of surgical tools moving was heard.

Unlike his typical style, though, Prof. Lee yielded the monitor chair to him.

Suhyuk took his eyes at the fixed microscope.

"About 1mm seems to have stuck out."

Looking at the monitor, Lee tilted his head. However hard he checked it, he could not see it.

Did he underestimate Suhyuk who would be his disciple?

Then Suhyuk moved his hand.

“Hey, what the hell are you doing?”

Ignoring the resident’s shouting, he took his hand to the patient’s head covered with a sheet.

“Looks like his head seems to have been twisted a bit.”

Then he twisted it a bit to the right.

“Are you crazy?” said a resident and then walked up to Suhyuk.

“Stop it.”

Then Prof. Lee looked at the resident and the medical staff.

“Do I have to correct the patient’s surgery position? How long have I been here with you?”

The resident bowed his head a bit, saying, “One year, sir.”

Lee, frowning his face, looked at the medical staff one by one.

“Two years, sir.”

“Me too, sir.”

Shaking his head at their replies, Lee gestured with his eyes toward the monitor.

And then they could not help but be surprised.

The cervical vertebrae was back to being straight, and the cage, which was visibly embedded with the naked eye, protruded sideways. If it went a little further, it could easily have touched the nervous system. The patient was undergoing surgery with his neck twisted. It was a very fine twisting, but nobody caught it.

Lee was helpless in that situation, too.



He had to look at it, only 3-4mm, with a microscope.

It seemed like he would have sworn at them had he checked the X-ray of the patient after the surgery. It was a source of trouble that he relied on them too much.

“Don’t prepare the surgery next time without my permission.”

He was not in a position to blame others. Actually he was to blame most of all because he did not catch it. Still, he could not help but feel upset at the medical staff who were avoiding meeting his eyes.

On the other hand, he was smiling at Suhyuk. What a guy.

Approaching him, Lee asked, “I have to pull it out, right?”

“No, sir.”

Everyone including Prof. Lee was stunned at Suhyuk’s action then.

He was sticking an iron rod into the patient’s open neck. Besides, he stroked it lightly with a hammer. It all lasted for a moment, so nobody stopped him.

With their eyes opened widely, the medical staff and Lee were just speechless, when Suhyuk said, “All done.”

Lee turned his head away from the monitor and took his eyes to the microscope fixed at his neck. The cage stuck out like a disc has been nailed down properly.

Looking into the microscope, Lee thought of Suhyuk standing behind him. He felt his heart pounding strongly. Did he have any propensity to act like a man? No, it wasn’t that kind of propensity.

His joy at seeing Suhyuk was like finding a real diamond in the rough.

“The patient monitor indicates normal.”

At the perfusionists’ words, Lee took his eyes off from the microscope, and looked at Suhyuk.

“Do you know how to do stitching?”

“Yes, sir.”

Lee nodded his head, completely mesmerized by his charm.

“Okay, do it then.”

Lee was watching him stitching, with a satisfactory smile.

There was nothing that stood in his way.

On the other hand, the medical staff were looking at him with a dumbfounded look.

However, jealousy, envy, or anything like that, could not be found on their faces.

They just watched him blankly.

Suhyuk, who drew all their attention like that, was only thinking of the patient.

“The surgery’s well done. Now, go and watch movies and have delicious food with your wife. Enjoy your life like that.”



The patient, who opened his eyes in the recovery room, repeatedly clinched and opened his palm with a frown. Obviously he felt the pain after the neck surgery.

Soon he made a smile at Lee.

“I don’t feel pain or numbness on my hands.”

Lee said, smiling, “Mr. Lee Suhyuk standing here did the surgery very well.”

His pupil turned to the man standing beside Prof. Lee.

With a gentle smile, Suhyuk said, “Shall we go out, sir?”

Suhyuk went out of the surgery room, pushing the stretcher where the patient lay.

The door opened, and his wife, pacing around the room, raced toward him.

“Are you okay, honey?”

Nodding at her from the stretcher, the patient held out his hands.

Cautiously holding his hands, she turned her head to Suhyuk.

“Did the surgery go well?”

Suhyuk opened his mouth calmly, "Once he's discharged, he might often sit on the sofa or lie on the bed, citing pain. That's a lie, so ask him to make delicious food together."

At his words, she smiled with relief, and her husband could not help but wear a strange smile due to the lingering pain from his neck.

After guiding the patient into the ward, he went out, with some instructions about some cautions and a supplemental follow-up treatment later.

"How do you feel about having directly participated in the surgery?"

Suhyuk nodded his head at Lee's question, saying, "I felt great, sir. Thanks for your consideration."

Rather than his having participated in the surgery, the fact that the patient opened eyes without any problem and that he could laugh together with his family made him feel good. He felt his empty heart filling up with something warm. Can other doctors feel this way? The type of a doctor he had in mind was like this.

"Oh, you were here," said someone suddenly from his side.

It was Kim Jinwook's voice.

While Suhyuk bowed his head for greeting, Lee came forward, covering him about half, saying, "Are you talking about me?"

Kim shook his head. "No, I've been looking for Suhyuk. I called him several times, but found his phone turned off. I wonder if the battery is dead."

Called him several times?

"Sorry, sir. I should have recharged the battery. I wonder if you have anything to say..."

At his asking, Kim nodded his head.

"Sure, I was going to ask you to join me for dinner."

At that moment Prof Lee cut in, "Today Suhyuk participated in surgery for the first time. He must be very tired now, so I was going to let him take a long break at his lodging."

Kim gently smiled, replying, "I'm not asking him to have a workout with me. If he did surgery for the first time, he must have used up much of his physical energy. I think I

have to chat with him over meat.”

“Don’t you know he’s assigned to the neurosurgery department? If someone has to treat him, it has to be me. Don’t you think so, Mr. Lee?”

Prof. Lee looked at Kim, asking Suhyuk like that.

Kim said with a smile, “Well, I’d like to meet him not in a formal setting, but in an informal setting where he and I feel each other are like brothers. In other words, like a meeting between an elder brother and a younger one.”

At Kim’s mention of elder brother and younger brother, Lee’s eyebrows wiggled instantly.

“Well, I think I can join even such a meeting.”

Suhyuk was assigned to neurosurgery department, so he could not move anywhere without his permission. Then, Kim’s eyes twinkled. He looked at Suhyuk, nodding meekly as if he understood Lee’s remarks, and said, “You must have lots of hard times... Do you sleep at all? Can you eat on time? Prof. Lee. I hope he’s in good hands. Please see to it that he has break time. Suhyuk, I think we have to eat meat next time.”

Kim’s remarks were intended for Suhyuk to listen to.

Prof. Lee frowned as if Kim got him first.

At that moment a guy, suddenly appearing before them, said, “Well I’m afraid I have to have meat with him today.”

Suhyuk and the two professors turned their heads to the side.

A guy casually dressed in training pants. He was none other than Dongsu.

When the two professors cast a suspicious look at him, Suhyuk answered, “He’s my friend, sir.”

At his remarks, Dongsu shook his head and showed his ID to the two professors.

“I’m a prosecutor. I just joked about the meat.”

Showing his ID to the professors, he said to Suhyuk, “You have to come to the court room right away.”

Suhyuk's eyes opened wider. "What's the matter?"

Dongsu smiled gently, and said, "That hit-and-run motorcycle guy, I caught that son of a bitch."



Suhyuk and Dongsu went out of the hospital right away, and got in a taxi.

"How did you catch him?"

"Because I'm your brother."

Shaking his head, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "CCTV?"

"Yeah," Dongsu replied.

Dongsu combed through all the CCTVs at the place where Suhyuk had an accident.

For three days and nights with bloodshot eyes. With all the time and effort he put in to that, he felt that he could catch the hit-and-run motorcycle suspect. This hit-and-run suspect that hit his friend.

Hell bent on catching the suspect by all means, Dongsu pushed his detectives hard and was able to catch him at the end of the day.

"I'm almost sure that bastard is the suspect. Around that time when you had an accident, there was only one motorcycle that passed by that area."

Suhyuk nodded his head. So, the taxi drove on and on, and soon arrived at the police station.

When Dongsu went in, the detectives rose from their seats and bowed their heads.

Suhyuk smiled at that, and felt secure about him who acted like a good-for-nothing guy usually.

"Detective Oh, put that bastard into the interrogation room now."

"Yes, sir."

A detective opened an iron door and disappeared. Dongsu, guiding Suhyuk, walked through the hallway, and when they approached about halfway down the hallway, he

pulled open one door.

“Come in. This is the first time you came into an interrogation room?”

When Suhyuk went in with a grin, he saw a big window. A guy with handcuffs came in.

“The suspect is that bastard.”

Suhyuk closely looked at the guy inside the window.

“Then, what’s wrong with face?”

One of his eyes were black and blue.

“Can you recognize him?” asked Dongsu.

“Didn’t I tell you the suspect was wearing a helmet?”

He nodded his head, understanding what he meant by that.

“Yeah, you said that. Do you want to know something funny then?”

## Chapter 76

“What is it?”

“Look at him closely again.”

Suhyuk turned his head to the window again.

Did he just become an adult? He looked like he was in his early 20s. Looking around, he curled himself up very much.

“I don’t know who he is.”

Yeah, his face was new to Suhyuk. It’s only natural that his face had been covered by a helmet.

Dongsu tilted his head, asking, “Do you really not recognize him?”

“No, who is he?”

“Have you not seen the son of Daehan Hospital director, Jang Wonjin, before?”

Suhyuk shook his head. Actually there was no chance at all for him to see or meet him.

He was surprised, but did not feel strongly about it.

“Why did he do that?”

When Suhyuk asked, Dongsu fixed his gaze on the window.

“He said it was because he was at a loss of what to do after the accident. You must have heard about the so-called bike gang. They meet like a hobby club and enjoy their motorcycles. While he checked his cellphone for a moment, he said he hit you.”

Dongsu continued. He already investigated all the other motorcycle riders along with Jang.

Jang did not do it on purpose or with any intention. It was just an accidental hit-and-run.

At his explanation, Suhyuk nodded.

Jang, looking around in a frightened mood, seemed even pitiful to him. Maybe because his face looked so childlike.

“What happens to that guy from now on?”

Leaning against the wall, Dongsu replied, “Well, he will be brought to justice...”

Then there was a knocking on the door, and the door opened.

He was detective Lee, working with Dongsu. He gestured over to the window.

“Sir, his lawyer wants to see you.”

“I contacted his guardians at home, then his lawyer came over. What a rich family...”

Dongsu went out with Suhyuk with a light gait.

A man in his late 30s was sitting in the detective department quietly.

“Jang’s lawyer?”

At Dongsu’s voice, he rose from the seat.

“Hello, I’m Kim Jinho. Nice to meet you.”

As he showed his name card, Dongsu said, looking at it, “Prosecutor Kim Dongsu.”

“I came here because I heard Mr Jang Wonjin was detained here as a hit-and-run suspect.”

Dongsu nodded, saying, “You’re right.”

The lawyer threw a sharp question, “Is he the real suspect?”

He looked as if he were lodging a protest if the reason for Jang’s detention was not clear enough.

Dongsu smiled leisurely.

“We’ve got CCTV and other evidence on hand. Do you have anything else to ask?”

“I’m requesting an interview with Jang.”

Dongsu grinned, adding, “You know you can’t interview him during interrogation, right? As he is a hit-and-run suspect, I’ll investigate him under arrest for fear of his



possible escape.”

The lawyer’s brows trembled a bit.

“Let me wait then.”

“Detective Lee, please serve the lawyer a cup of coffee. I’m afraid he will have to sit through the night here.”

Dongsu approached Suhyuk, putting his hand on his shoulder, and said, “Let’s go out for dinner.”

So, they went out, and the lawyer looking at Dongsu cast his gaze on Suhyuk.

The restaurant they stopped by was a noodle soup house.

Taking out wet towels from the refrigerator, Dongsu washed his hands, saying, “The soup here really tastes good. Granny!”

At his shouting, a granny with gray hair well over 70 years old, approached and said, “Hey, don’t shout so loud boy! What an ear-deafening noise! You coming here everyday to have noodle soup? Just eat meat today. You have to eat meat if you want to be strong enough to catch criminals, right?”

Dongsu shook his head, and said, “I have to go back after eating quickly, so bring me noodle soup.”

“A pox on you! You have to wait until the noodles are ripe enough.”

Looking at her disappearing into the kitchen, Suhyuk asked him with a perplexed look, “Foul-mouthed granny?”

Nodding his head, Dongsu was just laughing.

Spicy and delicious noodle soup with clams. Suhyuk said, after emptying even the broth, “It is really delicious.”

“The meat tastes good too. Next time let’s have it. Please give me the check!”

Rising from the seat, Dongsu presented his credit card.

“Give me cash. You only spent 5,000 won for it.”

Given the delicious taste and the big dish, the price was so cheap. It’s only 2500 won

per dish.

“I don’t have cash today. So, please sleep on it today.”

When the granny was about to swear, Suhyuk offered her cash.

“Thanks for the food, granny.”

Looking at Suhyuk, she smiled and said, “Is this unprofessional prosecutor your friend?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t hang around with him frequently. In my eyes, he is not a prosecutor. He’s a thug, a thug.”

“Granny, if you keep saying things like that, I’ll catch you on charges of contempt.”

“How can a vulgar guy threaten me like this? Even the angel of the death has not yet caught me. Do you think you can?”

Suhyuk pulled away Dongsu who kept poking fun at her, and went out the store.

Dongsu grinned gently, saying, “Goodbye now.”

When Dongsu was about to turn back, Suhyuk grabbed him, and said, “Will he be arrested?”

“A hit-and-run suspect is supposed to get a heavy punishment stipulated under the law on special crimes.”

Suhyuk grinned at his explanation.

“I’ll contact you.”

Saying that, Dongsu moved to the police station.

Suhyuk moved to the bus stop and got on a bus that took him to Daehan Hospital.

He did not feel good even though the hit-and-run suspect was caught.

More so because the suspect was the son of the Daehan Hospital director.



What woke him up was not an alarm sound, but the ringing of his phone.

As soon as he picked up the phone, he heard a woman's voice.

"Is this intern Lee Suhyuk's cellphone?"

"Yes, who is it, please?"

It was 6am.

Though spring was around the corner, it was still quite dark outside.

"This is the secretary of director Jang Kitaek at the hospital. The director wants to see you in the morning. Are you available in the morning?"

Suhyuk, who was lying in bed, rose from the bed and sat.

*'Available? If the director wants to see me, who can dare have me put to work?'*

"Okay. What time do I need to see him?"

"You can come here by 8:30 in the morning."

"I'll see you then."

Hanging up the phone, Suhyuk lay back on the bed.

It was so obvious what kind of topic Jang was going to bring about.

Suhyuk closed his eyes again.

When he opened the door, a woman secretary in a black suit held up a keyphone.

"Sir, Mr. Lee Suhyuk is here."

Speaking to him briefly, she said, "You can go in now."

Bowing to her a bit, he knocked on the door to go in.

A large window inside was showing a great landscape outside, and the space was twice as large as that of a professor's office.

"I'm seeing you again. Come on in."

The director gestured him to sit on the sofa.

“Wait there for a minute.”

“Thanks.”

Mr. Jang leafed through the paper files slowly, and turned his head to him, saying, “Coffee? Juice? Or any other soft drink you want?”

“I’d rather have water.”

Nodding his head, he conveyed the message to his secretary through the keyphone, and sat on the sofa.

“How was your volunteer activity?”

Suhyuk smiled bitterly in his heart. That’s what he wanted to ask the director about first.

He wanted to argue that it was not a volunteer activity but a photo event.

However, personally he was fully satisfied as he visited the homes of the less fortunate until early in the morning with Binna.

After all, Suhyuk said, “It was good.”

Actually he came back, pleased and satisfied.

“That’s good. Thanks to a talent like you, there was a big article about Daehan Hospital, along with the picture.”

Though the medical staff from other hospitals participated, only the picture of Daehan medical team was carried with the caption that the shantytown people were greatly satisfied.

Though he did not do anything in particular, it was clear that what he had done was a good thing. After all, the director showed satisfaction with the outcome of the volunteer activity.

The secretary put down water and coffee before they knew it.

Suhyuk raised the cup of water slowly, and Mr. Jang Kitaek sipped his coffee.

“The reason I called you here is...”

When Jang slurred, Suhyuk opened his mouth, "For reasons regarding your son?"

He smiled bitterly, nodding his head.

"Let me tell you frankly. As the hospital director, no as a father, I want to ask a favor of you. Can you let him off this time?"

Suhyuk recalled his son that he had seen in the interrogation room.

Then he opened his mouth again.

"He just became an adult. Isn't it too cruel to ruin his future?"

Suhyuk showed a contemptuous smile before he knew it.

Does it mean he was a cruel reporter?

Jang did not notice his twisted smile because he was thinking about something else.

None other than prosecutor Kim Dongsu, his friend.

It was no use enticing him in one way or another through a lawyer or his acquaintance.

He even declared a war against the lawyer.

The prosecutor was determined to put him in jail by all means, so even his acquaintances gave up their efforts.

He found out that the prosecutor was notorious as being a terribly obstinate person.

"Can you do anything about him? Let me give you full compensation for your bodily or psychological damages. If you want, let me give you paid holidays. Please save my son this time."

Looking at his cup of water quietly, Suhyuk did not say anything. That made Jang all the more anxious.

If he says he did not need such compensation, he went as far as to think of making some sort of threat against him in his capacity as the hospital director.

Jang opened his mouth again, thinking his stooping low like that would be his last move.

"Please, Mr. Lee Suhyuk."



When he went out of the director's office, Suhyuk called someone. It was Dongsu.

"Hey, you are not that busy now seeing as you give me a call like this."

"Any update about the case?"

"Don't worry about it. Just work hard and make lots of money."

"Can the case be cancelled?"

"What the hell?"

"What I mean is can I cancel the report?"

"What nonsense! Why are you trying to do this? The suspect hit you and ran away..."

Dongsu kept silent for a moment. Then he said urgently, "Did the hospital director say something to you? Did he say if you did not cancel it, he would not make you a doctor? Or did he order you to get out of the hospital? What was it?"

Suhyuk grinned bitterly. He blew his top, raising his voice.

Dongsu continued to speak in an excited voice, adding

"How could he make a threat like that? Can I look into that damn Daehan Hospital for any possible crimes? As for this case, it cannot be cancelled simply because you cancel the report, because he has some other case pending..."

The more swearing Dongsu threw out, the more Suhyuk, now taking off the cell phone from his ear, grinned, because he could feel the warmth of his heart toward him. He recalled his conversation with the director.

*'Then I have got something to ask for you in return.'*

*'What is it?'*

*'Please allow me to see the patients.'*

## Chapter 77

Jang Kitaek was quietly looking at the sofa Suhyuk had been sitting on after he left, and then he let out a dumbfounded smile.

Asking to see the patients? It was just ridiculous, given that he's only an intern.

Still, there was no choice for him but to accept, because it involved the future of his son.

"Emergency room..."

After thinking about the right candidate to pass him onto, Jang contacted his secretary.

"Contact Prof. Kim Jinwook and tell him that I want to see him now."

"Yes, sir."

Prof. Kim was gentle to interns and residents usually, but resolute as far as teaching was concerned. It was not just a couple of times that he expelled residents from the surgery room. He felt that Prof. Kim was the right person to handle Suhyuk.

"Did you call for me, sir?" asked Prof. Kim.

Jang offered him a chair when he came in.

"Do you know intern Lee Suhyuk?"

Kim's eyes opened a bit wide. He was surprised that his name came out of the director's mouth.

"Yes, I know him."

"Okay, he's going to be assigned to the emergency room as of today. He's going to see the patients. Can you pay attention to him? As he is an intern, I'm afraid he might cause troubles."

Actually an intern could give the wrong prescription, and with further trouble, it could bring about medical law suit.

When Kim's eyes became wider, Jang let out a silent sigh, saying, "I know you're busy, but for this time only, let me ask of you a favor like this."

"Okay, sir."

Jang was surprised at Kim's short reply. He expected that Kim would rebuke him at his crazy suggestion that an intern would see the patients.

"Any thing else you want to say to me?" asked Kim.

Jang nodded his head, saying, "He won't be there for very long. So, I hope he is in good hands."

Jang thought that Suhyuk would be exhausted after a few days in the emergency room, even though he was full of enthusiasm to see the patients. So challenging and demanding a place was the emergency room.

"Okay, then..."

Kim's smile became more and more thick as he left the office.



Oh Byungchul was tilting his head sideways. By now this Alien intern who should have been busy with all kind of stuff at the Neurosurgery Department, Suhyuk, was standing before him.

"What brought you here again?"

Suhyuk smiled.

"I was reassigned to the emergency medical department."

"What are you talking about..."

Oh could not continue. Suhyuk was already seeing a patient with a wry frown, who was just taken into the emergency room. He looked like he was in his late 20s.

"In which area do you feel uncomfortable?" asked Suhyuk.

"I was stabbed."

Suhyuk lay the patient down slowly on a bed.



“Did you say you were stabbed? Speak again slowly.”

“I fell down in the construction site, and I was stabbed by an iron core embedded in the ground.”

“Let me check it.”

Suhyuk rolled up the man's upper clothes. The blood was sticky on the lower part of the right collarbone, making it difficult to visually confirm the wound. Suhyuk wiped off blood with a disinfected gauze right away.

“Uh.....”

Suhyuk opened his mouth at the patient's moaning.

“Please be patient a little more. It'll be done quickly.”

Soon he cleaned off the blood, and the wound was clearly visible to his eyes.

Every time he breathed, the chest wall went in and out repeatedly.

In order to prevent air from entering, he put a tape on the hole first, and he attached a cable to the body of the patient quickly. In so doing he looked at Oh standing in the back.

“Can I do the same as I did before?”

Suhyuk's eyes were shining. Oh nodded his head. As he had done it before, there was no reason he could not do it now. He could ask Suhyuk later why he came to the emergency medical department.

After checking the patient's vital signs, Suhyuk urgently pushed the stretcher carrying him and disappeared. Oh did not ask him why, because he would come back soon.

He was right.

Coming back to the emergency room, Suhyuk opened his mouth, “Symptomatic thoracic swelling was seen. The auxiliary muscle does not show the signs of use, nor does the jugular vein show signs of swelling. Avoiding bradykinesia, airway deviation, as well as decreasing right breath sounds.”

Suhyuk opened his mouth again, checking the patient's tomography.

“As you can see, skin defects and air pockets due to the stab wounds on the right chest wall were observed. Signs of pneumothorax.”

Oh nodded his head.

“Chest tube insertion should be performed.”

Oh just kept nodding, “Contact the surgery team.”

“Yes.”

Fluttering his white gown, he turned back. Looking at him, Oh murmured, “He’s started it again...”

Yes, just like before, but he could feel something was different about Suhyuk this time. His confidence?

Yes, that was it. That kind of attitude was confirmed in his moving around.

“It’s liver laceration. I think ERCP will be helpful.”

Watching him, with his feet frozen like a stone statue, Oh opened his mouth, “Uh... yes.”

He was just absent-minded.

As soon as a patient was taken into the emergency room, Suhyuk immediately began seeing him, rushed to the imaging room for a clear diagnostics and came back. Moving around more comprehensively than before, and identifying the name of the disease exactly without any error. He was just like a medical device.

When there were fewer patients, the nurses spoke to Suhyuk, “Sir, take it easy.”

“Yes, please. You’ll be exhausted soon if you’re busy like this.”

It looked like he was running a marathon. He kept moving his body without any letup or rest.

“I’m okay.”

Suhyuk was wiping off the sweat running down his forehead...

Then he heard, “Mr. Lee Suhyuk.”

He turned his head at a man’s familiar voice calling his name. He was Prof. Kim

Jinwook.

“I hear that you’ve been reassigned to the emergency room. Did you speak to the hospital director about it directly?”

When he nodded with a smile, Prof. Kim also smiled.

Prof. Kim was not curious about what kind of conversation went on between him and the director. He just thought that the director appreciated Suhyuk’s talent. He thought it was so. What’s important to him was that Suhyuk was now in his medical territory.

“Why did you say you wanted to come to the emergency medical department?”

Kim only wanted to know this reason.

“I like this place,” Suhyuk answered shortly.

This was the place where he could first see the patient whose life was at risk. With a swift response, he could save the patient’s life. This was the very place he wanted to be in.

Looking at him with a satisfactory expression, Kim opened his mouth, “How long did you say you wanted to work here?”

“For one month.”

If he had his way, he wanted to see the emergency patients, and even do the surgery directly when needed. But it was only his wishful thinking, and all he had to do was to transfer the patient to the relevant medical team. They cast a suspicious eye on him, and there was no chance that they could let him do the surgery. That’s because he told the director that he wanted to come to the emergency room. Such as it was, it was where he could first see the emergency patient whose life was in critical condition. He should normally have been a resident to do such things.

Then he heard another voice calling him.

“Mr. Lee Suhyuk!”

He was Prof. Lee Mansuk.

“I heard the news. Did you tell the hospital director to send you to the emergency room? Is it true?”

Suhyuk nodded his head, saying, "Yes, I wanted to see patients directly..."

"Hey, you can see the patients enough at the neurosurgeon department."

That was true. But he shook his head in his heart.

Prof. Lee seemed to confine him to his own office often.

He appreciated Lee's intention, but at the same time felt it a burden and an oppression of his heart. He would rather see the patients during that time.

Did Prof. Kim notice Suhyuk's thinking like this?

Kim, talking over the phone on the sidelines, opened his mouth, "I just heard that a patient with aortic aneurysm was being taken to our hospital from another one. Do you remember observing the surgery from before? How about coming with me?"

Suhyuk nodded his head without any hesitation, "Thanks."

Kim said to Lee, "As you see, I'm afraid we have to go to the surgery room soon. See you later."

Suhyuk also bowed his head. So both of them passed by Lee.

Lee's eyes were looking at Suhyuk disappearing. He was casting a regrettable gaze at him, full of glaring eyes. He then thought very hard about what Suhyuk really wanted, and what he wanted to possess most at his age. After thinking about it quietly, he began to walk fast and caught up with Suhyuk. Passing by him, Lee asked, "Do you have a girlfriend?"

"No, sir."

Nodding his head, Lee walked ahead of him.



Dressed in a surgery gown, Prof. Kim asked Suhyuk, "Do you remember the aortic aneurysm surgery you have observed from before?"

He nodded his head. The number of his surgery observations was only a few. How can he not remember it?

"Do you mean the surgery that requires replacement by artificial blood vessel?"

Before he came into the surgery room, Suhyuk had already checked with Kim and the patient.

Kim nodded his head with a satisfactory expression.

“Right, it’s a surgery that partially removes the swollen aorta and treats it with artificial blood vessels.”

Though Kim said that casually, Suhyuk knew how dangerous such a surgery it was. For it was a surgery that required supplying blood constantly with the heart put to rest during the operation.

“Let’s go.”

They went into the surgery room. There Suhyuk found the most medical staff he has ever seen on standby. Aortic aneurysm surgery required many expert hands that could catch even a minimal change in the patient’s condition.

“Let me start the anesthesia.”

At the anesthesiologist’s words, Suhyuk approached the patient. For he saw the patient’s eyes overshadowed by fear and burden of surgery rather than his face frowned with pain.

“Don’t worry. Just take a sound sleep and then wake up. It’ll be over soon.”

Suhyuk smiled, and the patient’s expression showed he was calm and relaxed.

Suhyuk’s words were heard in his ears as if the surgery was nothing. Thanks to him, the patient could close his eyes comfortably.

Kim closely watched the medical staff’s handling of work to monitor even the smallest mistake.

Fortunately, it did not happen. After confirming it, he talked to the resident next to him.

“Just for today, can you take a break as the assistant on the right?”

Then he looked at Suhyuk.

# Chapter 78

At Kim's words, the resident turned his head to the side, and found a rookie intern looking around at the medical staff. Anyone interested in the news about the hospital at all could not have not known about his name, Lee Suhyuk. His nicknames were not just one or two.

"Okay, sir."

The resident stepped back, nodding his head.

Prof. Kim would give interns direct teaching like that, and they could understand him without any difficulty. However, they had some misgivings about his intention sometimes.

Aortic aneurysm surgery was mostly an emergency surgery. Yet, how could Prof. Kim yield the role of an assistant on the right to an intern? It was the first time an intern was involved in emergency surgery.

When Suhyuk came up at Kim's calling, the resident stepped aside and looked at Suhyuk, and he thought like this: *'When the patient's belly was opened, he would get a scolding from the professor in a minute.'* Convinced of that scenario, the resident was ready to be on hand as an assistant at the professor's calling at any given time.

Suhyuk, coming next to Kim, said, "Thanks."

That reflected his genuine feelings. He expected to watch as an observer in the distance, but was instead given the role of an assistant.

With a smile, Kim asked, "You can do it well, right?"

Saying that, Kim recalled a past episode of Suhyuk participating in his surgery as an observer.

Prof. Kim was surprised several times when he heard Suhyuk's murmuring in the back. Suhyuk had been mentioning the process to take well in advance about the process of the surgery he performed.

Today Prof. Kim wanted to find out the real value of his capability. At the same time,

when he showed any small error, he was ready to replace him with the resident.

“I can do it well, sir.”

As soon as Suhyuk nodded his head, the surgery started.

“I’ll start surgery now. Scalpel!”

At Kim’s words, the nurse handed over a scalpel.

“Aortic aneurysm surgery should be done right from the start.”

Taking his hand to the target area, Kim moved the scalpel right away.

The skin was incised, and blood was coming out like drops of water.

“Bobby knife.”

The patient’s chest was opened, with the smell of burning flesh.

Right before their eyes, the red heart beating dangerously was visible clearly.

“Seems like the heart is beating slowly. Why is that?”

At Kim’s asking, Suhyuk replied, “Because of a cardiac rest injection.”

At his reply, Kim showed a satisfactory look. With one just glance, Suhyuk could understand what he meant. He knew it when he first saw him, when he woke up from his coma condition.

At that time Kim was an intern. Waking up from a vegetative condition, he calmly came up with diagnostics of his own condition and listed all the strange medical terms. Kim recalled how he was sick and tired of him after talking with him several times. Besides, Kim would flee from him who was troubling him with questions. He felt his face burning when he recalled such episodes.

Now he became an intern. He was so curious as to how far he had come in furthering his medical skill.

“It takes about 3 minutes for the heart to come to a stop.”

At the perfusionist’s words Kim nodded his head, saying, “You saw the image shot a moment ago. Can you locate the target?”

Suhyuk said shortly, "Yes."

"Can you secure a view, so I can take a good look?"

At Kim's asking, the medical staff were surprised. Did Kim really ask him to be his assistant? If that's the case, it would carry too much risk. There might be delay in the operation time, and if he makes any mistake, that silly intern could damage the patient's organs.

Completely unaware of such concerns by the medical staff, Suhyuk said, with shining eyes, "As soon as the heart stops, let me start right away, sir."

"Good."

Kim nodded his head, and Suhyuk pulled away the thin and transparent surgery gloves covering his hands. The heart stopped now, and the perfusionist opened his mouth, "I'll keep his temperature at 27 degrees C."

Kim opened his mouth, looking at Suhyuk, "Show it to me." Yeah, your capability.

Holding iron surgery equipments, Suhyuk put his hand into the patient's chest.

When he pushed the organs beside the heart sideways a bit, he heard some sort of oozing sound there. Kim's eyes shone sharply. He was ready to stop him at the slightest sign of a mistake. However, it turned out to be groundless fears. The bloated aortic aneurysm was clearly visible to Kim's eyes. *'I knew it!'*

"Is the heart circulatory system running?"

At Suhyuk's asking, Kim turned to the perfusionists, who then nodded their head.

"I'll start incision right now. Suction!"

The suction making a loud noise was put inside the chest.

"Okay, just hold it like that."

Kim moved the scissors to cut the blood vessels.

The blood compressed in the vessels surged, but did not splatter anywhere. Suhyuk was blocking it with his palm. Kim, shaking his head, smiled absurdly. He expected blood to splatter toward him, but Suhyuk moved one step faster.



“Nice, very nice!”

The assistant on the other side put the suction inside the chest and sucked all the stagnant blood. Dozens of surgery equipments were put in and outside of the patient’s chest.

With a scary sound the bloated aortic aneurysm was shown outside. Suhyuk looked at Kim.

From now on, nimble handling was the most important. A heart circulatory system was running as a replacement of the heart. Though blood and oxygen were circulating the body artificially, it could not work as good as the mysterious heart of the human body. Quickly connecting the blood vessels and fixing the heart would prevent complications.

“Give me the artificial blood vessels.”

At Kim’s words, the assistant handed him a white artificial blood vessel. Thick as a thumb, it looked like a warped lake. When this was connected to the blood vessels, the surgery would be complete.

“Resident Oh, please secure a view for me.”

The resident on the opposite side nodded his head.

“And hold the blood vessels for me, Suhyuk.”

“I’m afraid I can’t do it,” said Suhyuk without any hesitation.

Because blood vessel anastomosis must be done in detail, it is like blindfolded eyes without the microscope-attached glasses. Even the assistant holding the vessels needed the glasses.

Suhyuk stepped back without any regret. It was only right for him to step back because his eyes were not a microscope. Any little mistake would lead to delay in operation time and an accident.

Kim smiled at his action. He wondered what kind of reaction he would show, but it was what he had expected. Rather than being greedy, he was doing his best for the patient. Other residents would not step back easily because of their greed, and actually there were so many such residents.

“Nurse Choi, there is a microscope glasses near the heart circulatory system. Can you

pass it to me?”

Suhyuk’s eyes opened wider. So did the other medical staff.

Was he ready to have the intern take care of the angiostomy too?

When everybody was thinking like that, Kim asked Suhyuk, “Can you do angiostomy?”

With the microscope glasses, Suhyuk nodded, saying, “Yes, I can, sir.”

Suhyuk looked down at the patient’s chest.

The main artery was seen among the heart, lung and stomach.

“If I make any mistakes, I’ll take full responsibility.”

Kim nodded his head slowly, and demonstrated first.

“Needle holder!”

When Kim reached out his hand, the assistant handed him a needle holder.

Then he started the angiostomy.

“Take a good look.”

Kim began to connect the artificial blood vessel with the main artery. He did it very skillfully as if he had done it many times before, and at that with a very fine technique.

So he was done with one part of the angiostomy. Now what was left was the rear of it.

Kim asked him once again, “Can you really do it?”

Suhyuk nodded as before.

“Okay, go ahead with it then.”

Saying that, Kim said to the medical staff with glaring eyes, “I’ll take responsibility for what happens from now on.”

A resident, watching the situation with a suspicious eye, came to Kim, saying, “Sir, how can you let a mere intern take care of the angiostomy?”

“Let me take responsibility.”

Talking to him quietly, Kim looked at the other medical staff one by one and they shut their mouths. Then, Suhyuk's hands began to move.

While everybody there was looking at Suhyuk anxiously, only Kim trusted him strongly.

He already surpassed him in terms of medical knowledge when he first saw him.

What kind of masterly level did he reach by now?

Of course, theory and practice are different. Still, Kim found himself trusting him more and more, and when he showed any sign of mistake, he could stop Suhyuk.

Standing back, Kim watched his work closely. So did the medical staff.

They were so anxious about if he would make any mistake at all.

However, their anxiety was gradually turning into astonishment instead.

There was no error at all in his technique, as if it was measured by a ruler.

The intern's finesse in pulling the needle was sophisticated and neat.

Kim, standing with his arms folded back, smiled satisfactorily. His anxiety turned out to be a groundless worry. It was not important where he learnt all this. What was important was Lee Suhyuk was with him. Kim faced the medical staff's eyes one by one.

It was like him asking them about their opinion, as if he praised his own son.

Everybody shook their heads, because what was really unbelievable happened right before their eyes.

Some of them were murmuring before they knew it.

"Oh, that really makes me go crazy..."

"Does this make any sense?"

They could not believe he was an intern.

Under the white surgery lights, Suhyuk moved his hands quietly.

Nothing was heard except for the sound of the machine. The medical staff became

frozen like a stone statue, and Suhyuk's voice was heard in no time, "I'm done."

It was at this moment when the name of Lee Suhyuk was inscribed into the history of Daehan Hospital.



While Suhyuk was taking off his surgery gown, the nurse and resident spoke some words to him respectively, "Nice job, sir!"

"Are you sure you're just an intern?"

Some of them just shook their heads without saying anything.

Kim patted him on the shoulder.

"Good job!"

Suhyuk bowed his head and said, "Thank you."

"Well, it's me who has to thank you, as you relieved me of the work I was supposed to do."

Now, his surprise was gone and instead he had a new curiosity about him.

Suhyuk did the angiostomy without any difficulty.

How high is his level of masterly techniques? And what kind of doctor would he be over time?

"Let's go."

At Suhyuk's words, Kim grinned. What Suhyuk said was for them go to the recovery room of the patient. Patient, patient, patient. That was all that was on his mind all the time.

"Okay, let's go."

The patient woke up without any problem, and he was taken to the patient's recovery room.

Kim had to calm down his guardians. As the dangerous surgery was finished earlier than expected, he could understand their concerns.

“Mr. Lee here did the angiostomy very well.”

“Thanks, sir. Thanks.”

“Will he be okay?”

At the guardian’s asking, Suhyuk smiled at the child holding his mother’s hands, “Yes, he’ll be alright. The surgery went very well, so don’t worry. He’ll soon get up.”

Suhyuk waved his hands to the child, and he left the place first at Kim’s instruction that he go to the on-call office.

Then, he heard, “Mr. Lee Suhyuk!”

At the voice calling his name, he turned back his head.

It was Jang Kiwon, the son of the hospital director.

## Chapter 79

When Suhyuk looked at him, Jang Kiwon, who showed some hesitation, approached him.

“Can I talk with you, sir?”

He had an innocent and childish face, which just took away his image of being a teenager.

“I don’t think there is anything we can talk about between us.”

“Only a short time will do. Please...”

Looking at him quietly, Suhyuk nodded his head.

“Okay, tell me then.”

“Well, this place is not good for me to talk, so shall we move to another place? I know that there is a quiet coffee spot in the back of the hospital.”

Suhyuk made an embarrassed expression. He just thought of passing by Jang, but his facial expression became very grave. *‘What does he want to tell me?’*

Soon after,, Suhyuk went out of the hospital after telling Prof. Kim Jinwook about the reason.

As Jang said, the coffee shop was small and there were not many customers.

Suhyuk had a cup of water while Jang was looking at a coffee cup with its steam rolling up.

“So, what do you want to tell me?”

At his remarks Jang raised his head and said shortly, “I’m sorry, sir.”

“Sure,” said Suhyuk with a dry voice. He did not hate Jang that much, and his apology did not feel like it was a genuine one to him. He could not feel any sincerity.

When Jang kept silence, Suhyuk opened his mouth again.

“Is that all you wanted to say to me?”

“I’m sorry. I wanted to see you to say I’m sorry. Back then I was so absent-minded... I’m really sorry.”

“Okay. Be careful next time. Let me go then.”

When he was rising from the seat, his eyes became wide. For Jang knelt down.

Suhyuk looked at him without saying anything.

“I’m sorry. Really sorry.”

With his head down, and his two shoulders trembling, he began to sob.

“I’m sorry. *Boohoo...* It was not my intention to hit you and run... I’m so sorry.”

Suhyuk, while looking at his trembling shoulders, opened his mouth, “Did your father tell you to see and apologize to me?”

He shook his head from left to right. On such occasions drops of tears fell down.

“No, never.”

He was right. His father wanted to empower him usually because he knew his timid personality more than anybody else. So, his father kept telling him to never stay dispirited.

That was all he got from his father. However, he could not put up with it.

What happened was really accidental.

On his usual days he hardly went out of his house except for he went to school.

When he went out as an exception on this particular day, it was because he wanted to buy character figures, or something on sale as a limited edition. As he was treated as an outcast from his high school days, there were few friends of his. Even those few he regarded as friends approached him only for money.

So, his only friends were his computer and some character figures.

On on very particular day, he was checking if there were any new character figures on sale, and he came to know a motorcycle hobby club by chance. Those riding motorcycles in black jackets, they looked so cool to him. How much freedom would

they feel when they rode their motorcycles, crossing paths with the wind!

For the first time ever he plucked up the courage to do something. His father, who was curt to him usually, smiled when he was told that his son would go out for fun. His father's gestures and expression was vivid in his memory, which gave him a big encouragement. So he purchased a motorcycle, and went to see the hobby club members. They welcomed him with bright faces, and he could forget about everything when he was riding his motorcycle, with the cool wind blowing over his face.

The Jang Kiwon of the past, who he surfed the internet all day, and confined himself to his room, disappeared far away. So he happily spent one month riding around. Was he ever happier than this moment? He felt that there was no other time such like this.

Then right at that moment, the accident happened.

He was so scared at the time. How many times he thought about it, turning back to see the fallen victim. Because of that foolish misjudgement for a second, he was never able to a good night's rest since.

He was anxious about being caught at any given time, and the victim he hit and run came to his dreams everyday. He was just scared and distressed.

"Stand up, man"

At Suhyuk's words, Jang shook his head, still kneeling down.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry..."

After letting out a silent sigh, Suhyuk held his shoulders slowly.

Jang raising his head, with his face covered with tears. Suhyuk looked into his face for a while. A handsome face with double eyelids that reminded him of a meek puppy, and his eyes full of regrets.

Suhyuk smiled softly at him, and then patted him on the shoulder. Jang cast his eyes toward Suhyuk's shoulder.

"I had this part of my shoulder hit by your motorcycle, but it's okay and normal now."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Stand up."



He shook his head when standing up.

Suhyuk, smiling at him, let out a sigh. He could feel Jang's sincerity clearly enough.

"Looks like you were apologizing to me against your will..."

Though Suhyuk said that playfully, Jang did not take it like that. He shook his head, as if he were saying he had not offered his apologies against his will. The coffee shop employees and the customers all turned their eyes towards them.

Jang thought he made a mistake because his act might make Suhyuk appear as a bad man. Bolting from the seat, he shouted to them, "I'm behaving like this because I was in the wrong. So don't misunderstand us."

Suhyuk said, smiling bitterly, "Well, that seems to make me look worse."

They went out of the coffee shop.

Jang bowed his head once again, saying, "Sorry, and thanks for forgiving me."

Suhyuk patted his shoulder lightly, saying, "Be careful next time. Ride a bicycle instead of a motorcycle."

Turning around, Suhyuk waved his hands at Jang. Then Jang said something to his ears, "Can I call you Big brother when I see you next time?"

Suhyuk smiled gently, replying, "Just call me brother."



Two weeks passed since Suhyuk stayed at the emergency medical department. During that time he was everywhere, constantly moving around with the patients, emerging from the imaging room and then going back to the emergency room at once.

In the meantime the name Lee Suhyuk gradually spread throughout Daehan Hospital, and those who spread that rumor were mostly the medical team of the emergency aortic aneurysm team.

Regardless of that rumor, Suhyuk moved around until late in the night.

Just coming back from the CT imaging room, Suhyuk approached Oh Byungchul.

"Sir, the patient seems to have deep neck infection."

Oh asked calmly, "What about airway stenosis?"

"Drainage and antibiotics will do."

"You're going to transfer the patient, right?"

As Suhyuk nodded, Oh showed an OK gesture.

It looked as if they exchanged a conversation as if they were two senior residents, but Oh still did not feel it that way. Suhyuk's error-free diagnostics and opinion made Oh's feel blunt and less knowledgeable.

When Suhyuk was about to move, Prof. Kim approached him. It was 9pm. Kim called for him like that at any time, whether early or late in the day. He wanted to make sure Suhyuk was safe from the other guy, who was none other than Lee Mansuk.

"Where are you going?"

Suhyuk replied at his asking, "I have a patient with a deep neck infection."

Kim asked subtly, "What is the causative strain?"

"Streptococcus and oral anaerobic strains, sir."

Kim smiled before he knew it. Whenever he asked Suhyuk, his immediate answer made him happy. Then it came to his mind: *'What if Suhyuk asked him something, he can answer right?'*

At that moment he recalled a certain memory of his: When Suhyuk, after waking up from the vegetative state, asked him, he just escaped as if he did not hear anything.

*'What is he thinking of?'*

With a smile, Kim shook his head.

"What's wrong?"

Suhyuk asked Kim in a pensive mood.

"No, nothing..."

When Kim was stammering, Oh came up to him and bowed his head.

"You're doing well."

“Don’t mention it, sir,” Oh scratched his head as if he felt embarrassed at his remarks.

“By the way, Mr. Oh?”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“Don’t you think you’re giving Mr. Lee Suhyuk alone a hard time?”

Oh’s eyes became wider at his asking. He had never done that before. Rather, the object of his shouting was the interns following the nurses around and not the resident’s. But he had never spoken to Suhyuk in a loud voice.

Suhyuk was seeing the patients without any interference.

“It’s not because I give him a hard time but because he seems to be greedy for work.”

Hearing his explanation, Kim just nodded his head. That’s possible.

“Mr.Oh!”

“Yes, sir.”

“What time does Mr. Lee Suhyuk stay at the emergency room until as a rule?”

“Until 5am in the morning.”

Kim gave a hollow smile at Oh. Then he was sleeping for only four hours on average...

“From now on, send him home when it’s past 2am.”

Though his enthusiasm was commendable, he might crack under the strain.

“Yes, sir.”



It was 11pm.

A woman was getting out of a van. Wearing a black mask, she arrived at Daehan Hospital.

She waved her hands at the van, and said, “Go home now!”

The van left, and the woman, looking around slowly, then moved quickly.

She hurriedly arrived at the emergency room.

“Is this the right place?”

The automatic door opened, and she went in.

The emergency room was not busy, and there were not that many patients.

The woman with the mask was looking around cautiously, when a nurse asked, “What brought you here?”

“May I see Mr. Lee Suhyuk?”

The nurse looked for him inside the emergency room, but he was not seen.

“Looks like he’s seeing a patient. What’s the matter?”

Touching her forehead, the masked woman said, “I feel dizzy, and I have a small fever. I want a check-up.”

“Wait a minute. Let me call for another doctor.”

“I’d like to have a check-up done only by Mr. Lee.”

The nurse tilted her head. Why does she insist on Mr. Lee?

“Do you know him?”

She shook her head, “No, I just want to let him check my condition.”

“You might have to wait a long while. Can you still wait?”

At the nurse’s asking, she nodded her head.

“Okay, then. Please have a seat over there.”

And then the nurse called for Mr. Lee.

Five minutes soon passed, and Suhyuk came into the emergency room.

Then, she took off her mask.

Now the whole medical staff were surprised at her face, which was now unveiled fully.

Suhyuk was just as much surprised as them.

## Chapter 80

She was in her early 20s. Taking off her mask, she grinned. She was such a beauty that she could be compared to an idol singer.

"Are you Dr. Lee Suhyuk?" she asked, thinking to herself, *'Hmmmm... I can't believe he's so handsome.'*

At her asking, Suhyuk nodded his head slowly and opened his mouth, "Are you talent Lee Soyon by any chance?"

Though Suhyuk was not the type to watch TV, it was just impossible that he would not know of her.

She always appeared on the TV in the lobby or on the TV in the patient's room.

All of this showed how popular Lee Soyon was these days.

Suhyuk asked her quietly while the medical staff spoke in whispers, "Where do you feel hurt or sick?"

Putting her hand on her head, she said, "I feel like I have a fever, and I feel dizzy."

"Have you ever felt like this before? What did you eat in the evening?"

"No, never. And I ate some chicken breast, banana, and yogurt for dinner."

Suhyuk nodded his head and took the stethoscope from around his neck.

"Wait a minute..."

Then Oh Byungchul came over, asking "Where does she feel uncomfortable?"

"Well, I feel she needs to have a test taken, but in my opinion she has a little bit of anemia."

"Really? Let me take care of her. Take a break."

"Okay."

Suhyuk moved without any hesitation.

"Do you feel dizzy?" asked Oh.

At his asking, she nodded, staring at Suhyuk blankly, thinking *'What a man... Should he not ask me for my signature?'*

Looking at Suhyuk's back, she turned to Oh Byungchul now and spoke, "Well... can I get an examination done from Mr. Lee Suhyuk?"

"Do you know him?" Oh Byungchul smiled and asked.

*'How can she look for an intern when she has a specialist in front of her?'* He had no choice but to feel bitter about it.

"I do not know him... But I want to be treated by a famous doctor at Daehan Hospital. And he has been on TV several times."

"He is an intern but ok, no problem."

Oh turned back and called for Suhyuk immediately, "Please take care of her."

Oh then tapped him on the shoulder and left while whispering to Suhyuk, "Get her signature for me."

Smiling a bit, Suhyuk turned to her and asked, "Did you say you have a fever?"

"I feel like I do."

"I'll be done checking in a moment."

Suhyuk put his hand into his gown pocket, and took out the Thermo Checker and took it to her forehead. As it is a non-contact type thermometer, it can confirm her temperature from only 2 or 3 centimeters away.

The machine sounded and the Thermo Checker measured her temperature as 36.7 degrees. It was about 0.2 degrees higher than the average body temperature, but could be said to be a normal body temperature.

"I do not think you have any fever."

She whispered, sweeping up her long hair and muttered, "Could it be due to my mood?"

"Did you say you also felt dizzy?"

Lee Soyon nodded.

Suhyuk then said, "There are many reasons for dizziness: overwork, stress, lack of sleep, as well as symptoms caused by problems with the ear. Why don't you try having a simple blood test done? For an accurate diagnosis, you had better also have an X-ray taken."

At Suhyuk's words, her eyes became wide.

*'Do I really need to do such a test?'*

"Then blood test only," she said.

Suhyuk brought a syringe right away.

"It will sting a bit."

When Suhyuk took the syringe to her arm, she closed her eyes and turned her head.

"It's done."

Lee Soyon blinked. No sooner had she felt it sting than it was done.

A kind voice came out from Suhyuk's mouth, "It will take some time to get the results of the blood test, and if you come tomorrow, you can receive it. If the dizziness does not go away, you might want to take another type of test."

Lee Soyon, who was staring at Suhyuk's face, nodded her head.

"Goodbye then."

Suhyuk turned back to head for the clinical pathology department.

Then a nurse came to Lee Soyon.

"You are so beautiful, I am a fan! Please follow me this way."

Smiling at the nurse, she fixed her eyes on Suhyuk though.



Lee Soyon, coming out of the emergency room, recalled Suhyuk.

He was kind, but that was all.

His eyes looked at her without any emotion, and she was just a patient in front of him. No more or no less, and that offended her self-esteem a little.

*'But he does look quite a but handsome.'*

Suddenly, she recalled what her uncle told her, *"Won't you meet a handsome and cool doctor?"*

She refused it many times, but her uncle called her about this several times a day.

What kind of person is he?

Because of the uncle's repeated push, she came to accept his request like this, after all.

Lee Suhyuk was the doctor her uncle told her to go meet so many times. He was quite handsome, like a male actor that one could see only at a broadcasting station.

"How come he didn't ask for my signature?"

A bit upset, she went straight to the front door of Daehan Hospital to go home.

Then she sighed deeply. Except for her cellphone, her pockets were empty.

"How stupid I am! I left my wallet in the car."

Touching the dial pad of the cellphone to contact her manager, she then looked at the hospital building suddenly.

"I wonder if he is still there."

Actually she did not tell her uncle that she would come here. Having been recalling her uncle, she decided to call him.

"Uh, yeah. So, have you thought about the blind date?"

As soon as he said that right after he picked up the phone, she just laughed, embarrassed.

"I've already met him..."

"You saw him? What are you talking about?"

"I'm in front of Daehan Hospital right now."





Lee Soyon was sitting in a professor's office.

"So, what do you think about him? He looks much better than male actors just like I told you, right?"

At her uncle's words, she shook her head. However, what he said made sense to some degree.

He was a doctor with great looks.

She wanted to know a bit about his personality because he just regarded her, a TV talent, as a patient, No more or no less than that. Is it because he has many girlfriends?

Putting down a coffee cup, Lee laughed with a satisfactory smile, saying, "As time goes by, there will be no one in this country who doesn't know the name Dr. Lee Suhyuk."

Of course in this medical field, Lee was convinced that he would go that far.

*'Neurosurgeon Lee Mansuk's disciple Lee Suhyuk.'*

That thought made him smile before he knew it.

"When are you available?"

"Why?" Soyon opened her eyes wide.

That image of hers was so beautiful he just kept smiling.

She was his niece, who lost her mom and dad in an accident. Since then, he has been taking care of her. Actually he did not do much for her. Pressed hard by the busy life of a doctor, he found himself staying at the hospital for far too many nights. Whatever help he offered her was just financial help. Still, she grew up so beautifully into the person she is now. Along the way, she did not make any trouble, for which he felt thankful.

"Let's have a meal together with Lee Suhyuk one of these days. He's a terrific guy, taking care of patients so well, with such a good heart."

At his words, she lifted the coffee cup, as if she was shy, and opened her mouth.

"I'm available next week. By the way, uncle, you should be responsible for any scandals

involving me."

Showing off his white teeth, Lee nodded his head and said, "Do not worry about it, because I know a quiet Korean restaurant."

Of course, it would be much better if a scandal broke out involving her and Suhyuk.

"Let's go now."

"I'm surprised to know you're going home with me like this. Don't you have any patients to see today?"

"No. Actually I was just about to go home when you called. Shall I buy some of the spicy chicken feet that you like?"

"Yeah!"

So, the uncle and his niece left the faculty office.



Suhyuk was in the lobby. He was not alone, but with Binna who was on call for the day.

"Every time you treat me to food like this. I'll buy it next time by all means."

Binna, who handed over the lunch box to him, waved her hands and said, "No, sir. I just made another one when I was preparing for my lunch because I felt that you like sushi rolls, so I packed it together for your night snack."

Her face turned red. She saw his face many, many times, and still she found her face in a blush whenever she looked at his. She saw him in her dreams.

When her cheeks made dimples, Suhyuk pulled two cokes from the vending machine.

"Have not you eaten anything yet? Let's have it together. Shall we go to the Sky Park?"

There was no particular break time for the medical staff working through the night.

Whenever they could find time available, they had to take care of the meals for themselves.

Suhyuk moved toward the elevator with Binna nodding her head.



At that moment, Lee Mansuk's eyes, who came out into the lobby from the other elevator, became big, because Suhyuk, who was holding a lunch box, was standing side by side with a nurse.

The images of them talking to each other in a friendly manner seemed unusual to him.

"What's the matter with you, uncle?"

Soyon's gaze was directed to the front.

"It's nothing" Lee, who blocked her gaze, pressed on her, saying, "Let's go quickly."

"What?"

Lee grabbed her shoulders lightly, and took her to the door as if he was dragging her.

"Ooops, you have to wear a mask Soyon. People in the street will recognize you otherwise and bother you."

Soon Lee and Soyon, who was wearing a mask, left the hospital.



Suhyuk looked back. Was he mistaken? That feeling as if someone was looking at him?

The elevator door was opened and the two moved inside.

At that moment, there was a ringing sound in his robe pocket.

"I think you should go..."

At Binna's words, Suhyuk smiled bitterly.

"I'll treat you to a meal next time."

So he moved with a running stride.

Left alone in the lobby, she murmured while looking at the lunchbox she was holding, "Doctor Lee, it's good to take care of patients, but you have to take care of yourself too. You must be hungry..."

The emergency room was noisy.

Those men in black suits and sportswear were foul-mouthed.

"He was hit by a golf club, please do something about him."

"Doctor! Don't you see my boss hurt like this? Come here quickly!"

The nurses flinched at their rough voices.

The doctors felt the same. Their facial expressions, tinged with tiredness, were replaced with some sort of tense look.

There were around 15 stout men.

The man with a pot belly, who was in the middle of the group, shouted out.

Oh Byungchul approached the man in bed. His white shirt was soaked with blood.

"How did you get hurt?" he asked.

"I was stabbed by a fish knife."

Oh felt anxious as soon as the man said that. Then Suhyuk was coming into the emergency room. Looking around, he walked into the middle of the men to see the man in bed.

Then, a guy shouted to him, "Hey, doctor, come here. My boss's head is bleeding.

So, you have to treat him quickly. "

A small sigh came out of Suyuk's mouth.

Sweeping his hair. Suhyuk looked at each one of the hooligans that he could see.

"Please be quiet."

# Chapter 81

Suhyuk's eyes looking at them were calm.

"Hey, you son of a bitch. How can I stay quiet when he was hurt terribly like this?!"

The man approached him and quickly grabbed Suhyuk's robe roughly.

"Just treat him quickly, okay?!"

The gown was pulled forward by the man. At that moment, Suhyuk looked at the man holding his gown quietly.

"You bastard..." said the the man whose face had a deep frown covering it.

"How dare you look me straight in the eye?"

There was more power in the hands of the man holding his robe as he continued squaring up on Suhyuk.

Suhyuk grabbed his wrist, saying, "Your pulse is beating fast. If you're excited like this, your heart will beat so that your heart can transmit blood to your body quickly and you can give a burst of power quickly and instantly."

When a person is excited or surprised, he or she breathes out reflexively. The heart stores its oxygen in the blood and supplies it to the body to improve its athletic ability.

The excited bodies senses become heightened sharply and they can react quickly to external stimuli.

The brain was no exception. A sudden increase in blood and oxygen supply makes brain activity faster.

Just like now.

"How can a kid like you glare at an adult?"

The man threw his fist at Suhyuk's face. At that moment, Suhyuk wrapped his arm holding his robe with his gown and he kicked the ankle joints of that man. With Suhyuk's gown fluttering in the air, the man fell to the floor. He depressed the

opponent's force and pushed it down, using the weak joints to break down the center of his weight.

"Oh you bastard..."

When the fallen man was about to stand up, Suhyuk stepped down on his back.

"Do not worry, it's only a light bruise, and if you like, I can give you some physical therapy later."

Then he approached the man who was lying in the bed. He was someone everyone who came into the emergency room called Brother.

When the guys in black were coming beside him, Suhyuk opened his mouth to him lying in the bed quietly, "You have a lot of blood coming from your head. If this continues, you may have trouble breathing, then go into shock, then fall into a coma."

Suhyuk stared at those approaching him as if they were trying to kill him, and then said, "I feel as if I'm going to fight better than you guys somehow, but I hope the patient can hold on until I beat you up and down the floor."

At Suhyuk's words, the guys stopped for a moment.

*'It's alright to say our boss should quickly get treatment, but how dare you threaten us with talk of our boss?'*

"Hey, baby. Just hold your teeth tight, or your teeth will be broken."

The guys came close up to Suhyuk's nose. The the guy who was in the bed then opened his mouth, "Stop it," and then he looked at Suhyuk, saying, "Doctor, I am busy, so please treat me quickly."

Suhyuk looked at them gathered around him. They were threateningly glaring at him as if they were about to hit him, but that did not happen.

"Those who need treatment will get treated, and those who are healthy should stay quietly and not disturb others."

At his words, the men were dispersed, and the emergency room was as quiet as it used to be, except for some occasional swearing.

"Let me take a look."

Suhyuk scattered his hair to see the wound, and he smiled a bit. His head was just a little torn.

"I think you need a bit of stitching, but won't you have a test done just in case?"

The man shook his head, "No thanks. Just stitch it right now."

Suhyuk nodded and looked at the nurse. She immediately brought a set of stitches for the wound. Suhyuk's hands moved immediately.

"It will sting a bit."

The man in bed was knitting his brows. Obviously he was putting up with the pain.

The nurse assisting at the side of Suhyuk had an approving expression on, seeing him doing a good job.

At that moment, the man pulled his phone out of his pocket and opened his mouth, "Let me pick up the phone for a moment."

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Yeah, so, what happened?"

"Big trouble, boss! The police smelt a rat, and now they are heading for the hospital."

The eyes of the man talking over the phone became wide.

For the detectives were already storming into the emergency room.

One of them, who looked more like a gangster than an organized investigative team member, was approaching. The detective looking at Suhyuk smiled and asked, "Doctor, was he seriously injured?"

"No, he just needs some stitching. That's it."

The detective, with a satisfactory look on his face, shouted to his men, "Put those who didn't get hurt into the van, and the others will be transported after they're treated."

The detectives moved quickly. They quickly put those grumbling men under control, coming in and out of the emergency room repeatedly, and they put handcuffs on the man who was treated last.

Only after that did they leave the place, and the medical staff could recover their

calmness.

And they set their eyes on only one man, who was Suhyuk cleaning up the room.

"Did you hear about it Ms. Heo?" The nurse who looked at Suhyuk gathered both hands in her chest and muttered, repeating what Suhyuk had said:

"I think I will fight better than you guys for some reason, but I hope that the patient will hold on till I knock you all down. How wonderful he is!"

"Lee Suhyuk, I hear he had no lover?"

The unmarried nurses' hearts were burning with passion.



Sunday morning.

Suhyuk who woke up at the lodging put on a cardigan instead of a doctor's gown.

Getting out of the hospital, he got on the bus right away.

As it was Sunday morning, the inside of the bus was relaxed and not crowded.

Suhyuk sat on the seat and looked at the hospital outside the window quietly.

As he usually worked only inside, he felt something refreshing when he looked at it from the outside for once.

He really met a lot of medical staff and patients at Daehan Hospital.

Once he became a resident, he could meet even more people. He looked forward to that day.

The bus made a loud *"Oh my god. It's my baby!" (kyaahh)* noise and drove on the road.

The neighborhood was noisy. Old buildings were broken down by various heavy equipment vehicles, for which studios and villas were being built everywhere.

Sukhyuk, who slowly walked around the neighborhood arrived at an old villa soon.

Looking at the building, he smiled bitterly.

He felt guilty as he has not come to this place for a few months.



Suhyuk walked into the villa with a familiar gait. *Ding dong!*

"Who is it!"

At the voice of a middle-aged woman, Suhyuk said, "It's me, Suhyuk."

The door opened wide, and a woman was smiling with a surprised look.

She was the mother of Suhyuk.

*"Oh my god. It's my baby!" (kyaahh)*

"My child!" She touched his face for a moment, but not that long.

"Why didn't you contact me when you were coming here? Just come on in. Honey, Suhyuk is here!"

When he stepped into the porch, he could see his father. He stood up, holding the remote control as if he was watching TV.

"It's me, Suhyuk."

At Suhyuk's words, he slowly nodded his head.

"Why didn't you contact us first before you came here? Have you eaten?"

Suhyuk smiled at his blunt voice..."Not yet."

"Come on now. You should first eat before you move around. Honey, cook some food for him. No, let's go out to eat."

"Honey, you ate a little while ago, didn't you?"

"I think I didn't eat enough. I feel hungry again. I feel like having meat."

Suhyuk shook his head.

When he went into the living room, his mother nodded.

"Okay, let me cook rolled omelet for you just the way you like it. Just wait a bit while watching TV."

So, he sat side-by-side with his father, watching TV in the living room.

Changing the TV channels, his father asked, "How do you find your work?"

"Yes it's going well. I think it fits my aptitude."

With that answer, Suhyuk cast his eyes at his father's hand. Each knuckle of his fingers had a Band-aid put on.

"Were you hurt?"

"Well, you just get your knuckles to become like this with a lot of work."

His father kept switching the TV channels with the Band-aid covered fingers.

Suhyuk let out a small sigh. When can he make money, move to a new house and make them live in luxury?

"Let me take a look Dad."

"I'm fine."

"No, let me check it a bit."

Then, Suhyuk took off the Band-aid one by one from his father's hands.

When he did so, his father knitted his brows, which made Suhyuk feel heart-broken.

"Please wait a little more." *'I'll rake in the money as the best doctor.'*

In no time, all the Band-aids were fallen from his fingers. His father was a manual laborer, hence the rough hands.

Suhyuk checked the wounds quietly. He could see cracks in the skin here and there.

He guessed that he had his fingers hurt while working without letup in his sweaty gloves.

Fortunately, there were no other wounds. Still, there were yellow calluses on his father's palms, and on the wrinkled hands.

His heart just hurt when he thought how his father could allow his wounded hands go untreated like this for so long...

Then he turned his head and looked at the hair of his mom now cooking rolled omelet in the kitchen.

How come there were so many grey hairs now on her firm hair, let alone on his father's

short hair?

"Did you apply the Band-aids without using any ointment?"

"Do not worry about it. It'll be okay soon. I hear doctors are doing a lot of work. Are you, too?"

Suhyuk turned his head and jumped out of his seat.

He felt like some hot tears were coming out of his eyes.

"Where is the first aid kit?"

"It's in your room. Why are you looking for it?"

At his mother's voice, Suhyuk rushed into his own room.

A white square box. It was on the bookshelf.

*'Why was it here? No proper place to put it? No way... She put it there just in case I might get hurt.'*

Suhyuk looked back and checked his room carefully.

It was clean without any dust.

*"Huuuuuuh..."*

He opened the first aid kit. There was nothing in there. Only expired ointment and a dirty bandage. A sigh again flowed from the mouth of Suhyuk.

He just felt his throat become sore and some also a pressure in his eyeballs.

"Lee Suhyuk, you are such a bad guy."

Calming down his beating heart, he came back into the living room.

"Well, let me just go out for something real quick."

When he went out to the porch, his mother spoke hurriedly, "Food is almost ready. Have some before you go out."

"I'll be right back."

Suhyuk, who went straight to the pharmacy, bought the necessary medicine and

ointment. Then he bought many fresh fruits on his way back home.

When Suhyuk arrived at the door of the house, his cell phone rang when he tried to push the doorbell. It was Oh Byungchul.

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you now? Didn't you bring the pager? You have a lot of patients in the emergency room. So, come back quickly."

He hung up the phone, after saying it.

Suhyuk looked at alternately at the iron door and the cell phone before his eyes.

"Patients..."

Suhyuk, who was locked in thought for a while, called Oh within a minute.

"I'll take a rest today."

## Chapter 82

After dinner at home, Suhyuk was ready to return to the hospital.

Of course, there was nothing special about going back.

There was nothing really in particular for him to pack, and everything he needed was at the lodging already.

"Do not leave... Will you take a break during the next weekend?"

At his mother's asking, Suhyuk smiled bitterly. Of course his parents could not notice it.

"I do not know, I'll call you when I'm next off."

When Suhyuk went out, the couple followed after.

As soon as Suhyuk was about to open his mouth, his mother said first, "The weather is so good that I want to take a walk with your dad."

At her words, Suhyuk was no longer able to discourage them. Their walking course was exactly up to the bus stop.

The bus arrived and Suhyuk got on, and as he was looking back at his mother and father he said, "I'll give you a call."

His mom, with an arm wrapped around her husband's, waved her hand.

"Suhyuk, I hope you get used to the knack of the trade when you work. When something happens, call me right away."

His father was only looking at him without saying anything.

"Bye for now!"

The bus that carried the Suhyuk left right away.

The bus was not crowded when he got on, but the more it went through the bus stops, the more people got on, and the more crowded it became. The previously empty seats

were all occupied, and it was further crowded with standing people.

When he looked out the window, people's voices flowed into his ears.

A man was bragging about his salary increase, and there were some talking about their recent dates.

Sometimes people were talking about how hurt they were after failed dates, sometimes they were talking about it with little bit of happiness in their voices.

At that moment, a woman frowned at a loud voice. It was because the elderly man behind Suhyuk blowing his nose.

"Grandpa, here you go."

Did he use up all the tissues? The woman who had frowned her face gave him a disposable tissue.

"Thanks, student."

Suhyuk's head swung back toward him.

A grandfather, head down, kept blowing his nose constantly.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Grandpa, it's not good to blow your nose so often."

When one blows his nose hard, the eustachian tube connecting the nose and the ears ceases to function, which could cause pain in the ear or ear canal. The mucous membrane can also weaken, which can lead to nosebleeds.

After blowing his nose, the old man lifted his head.

At the same time, Suhyuk's eyes grew bigger.

*'Epistaxis'*

The reason why the girl gave him the tissue paper was because he was pouring with a nosebleed. When the grandfather slipped his head backward, Suhyuk opened his mouth to ask, "Are you okay?"

"I'm okay. It will go away."

"Grandpa, do not lean back. Just tilt your head forward."

If the head was tilted backward, blood could enter the respiratory tract and cause aspiration pneumonia. Fortunately, the grandfather followed Suhyuk's words well.

When he tilted his head forward, blood dropped from his nose.

Though he blocked it with toilet paper, the blood was still flowing over his hand.

"Grandfather, hold your nose with two fingers and push it hard."

"Then will the bleeding stop?"

While he was blocking his nose with a tissue, he followed his words.

Suhyuk looked at him quietly. About five minutes passed.

Suhyuk knitted his brows slightly.

Though he thought it was not a big deal, the bleeding did not stop.

The amount of blood coming out was quite significant.

Suhyuk, now stood up from his seat, and elbowed his way to the old man.

"Did you get hit somewhere or did something sudden happen?"

"No, suddenly it came out like this."

It was not easy to see this amount of bleeding without a facial impact.

"Do you usually get a bloody nose like this?"

The old man shook his head, saying, "I've had no problem like this for years. Perhaps because I worked all night?"

He was a plastering worker at construction sites.

"I think you should go to the hospital."

At his words, the old man shook his head.

"It will get better over time," he said.

"No, it won't get better," said Suhyuk.

At his words, the old man smiled bitterly because he did not feel it necessary to pay

the enormous medical fee once he got treatment at the hospital.

As the old man did not reply, Suhyuk opened his mouth again, "Grandpa, do you not think that there's a lot of blood coming out? It could damage your body. Going into shock. Or worse. It could cause you an even greater medical cost."

Suhyuk continued to persuade him.

The blood did not stop and the amount of bleeding was too much.

And finally Suhyuk decided to frighten him.

"I know some who died because they shed too much blood from a nosebleed."

It was a lie. He had never seen it before for himself, but it was also a rare occurrence that did happen.

Loss of consciousness due to excessive bleeding, which caused the patient's death during transportation to hospital.

At his words, the grandfather's wrinkled eyes grew bigger.

There was a stir in his mind.

"Really?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Yes, it's true. Get off with me at the next stop."

The hesitant old man nodded.

At that moment, there was a recorded announcement saying the next stop was the entrance to Daehan Hospital.



Suhyuk and the grandfather visited the emergency room.

"A patient with epistaxis."

Oh Byungchul, who was looking at the patients' charts, shook his head dumbfoundedly.

Now Suhyuk even began to bring in a patient from outside, not content with taking



care of most of the usual emergency patients.

Suhyuk put the grandfather right on bed.

"Were you a doctor?"

At his asking, Suhyuk laughed and nodded his head.

The expected problem was anterior bleeding. It was a frequent problem that occurred when the mucosa weakened to seniors, but it is a bit different this time. Even bleeding from the front often stops. He had not seen such excessive bleeding like this before. What caused it?

Stopping himself from thinking of questions like that, Suhyuk decided to stop the bleeding first.

"Grandpa, please wait a moment."

Suhyuk moved to the emergency room.

"A patient with epistaxis?"

Oh Byungchul came to Suhyuk who was taking all the necessary stuff to deal with the bleeding.

"Yes, the bleeding will not stop. I think we should stopper the blood first."

After saying that, Suhyuk looked at Oh. He was asking for his consent.

"Can you even do nasal packing?"

Suhyuk nodded, and Oh shook his head. Is there any first aid this guy cannot do anyway?

"Yeah, go for it."

As soon as Oh said that, Suhyuk approached the old man. So did Oh, who was worried that he might make a mistake.

"Grandpa, I'm going to give you first aid, You may be a bit uncomfortable when I do the nasal packing."

Nasal packing is a technique that compresses bleeding sites by inserting gauze coated with Vaseline into the nostrils of the nose. However, it was the thin compression

sponge that he brought in his hand. He used it instead of gauze. It was a compression sponge that inflated while sucking in water or blood, and was able to compress the bleeding site and the nasal cavity.

"Hold on a second."

The grandfather nodded, and Suhyuk's hands moved.

The compressed sponge caught in a thin tweezer went into his nostrils. His face was getting thicker and wrinkled due to the pain.

"Be patient a bit more. it'll be over soon."

As soon as he said that, the procedure was finished, and the blood running down from the nose stopped.

Oh Byungchul, who watched over him from behind, shook his head.

It seemed a completely natural procedure, as if Suhyuk had spent years packing the nostrils. *'Master of nose packing?'*

When Oh thought about it, Suhyuk asked, "Do you feel the blood passing through your neck?"

If so, that meant that the packing was not fit properly.

That's occurs because the sponge did not properly compress the nasal passages, so bleeding is still left ongoing. Fortunately, the grandfather shook his head, "I do not think there is such a feeling."

Suhyuk smiled at that. Now the constant bleeding was cured and stopped.

Next, he had to find out why the excessive bleeding occurred in the first place.

"Why?"

He asked himself the question.

At the same time, the names of various diseases passed through his head.

At that moment Oh Byungchul opened his mouth, "Maybe, isn't it something like thrombocytopenia?"

He could not understand why he asked about it, because he found that he himself was

discussing the issue with an intern... He just could not help but doubt his capabilities that he had cultivated while working at the emergency room so long.

Suhyuk shook his head though. It is not that kind of disease is what he thought.

"If you take a test, the results will come out. So do the blood test first."

Instructing Suhyuk like that, Oh moved again to take care of a man walking in with a limp to the emergency room.

"Grandpa, I'll try some tests for you to see why there was so much bleeding."

He just opened his mouth, "Does that cost a lot of money?"

Suhyuk took a deep breath. Was this the reason why he hesitated to go to the hospital?

Suhyuk, wearing a blank expression a moment ago, made a smile now.

He decided to get some clues on the cause without having him go through the tests.

*It would not be too late to do the test when my stupid head can hardly figure it out.*

"Grandpa, do you have any such aspirin or warfarin?"

"Aspirin? And what the hell is warfarin?"

"Have you been to a hospital recently?"

"I went to the hospital last week."

Suhyuk's eyes shone.

"What did they say at the hospital?"

"Oh, I don't know..."

He shook his head after he had been thinking for a while.

"I know what the doctor told me... I got an injection and was given some medicine to take."

"What is the name of the hospital?"

"True Hospital."

Suhyuk smiled at that.

"What is your age and your name?"

"I'm 69 years old and I'm Lee Byungchul."

"Okay, stay here for a while."

Suhyuk moved while leaving the grandfather back in the emergency room.

Oh, who was seeing a bruised patient, said to Suhyuk, "Hey, where are you going instead of doing the test?"

"I'll come back after I make a call."

Oh knitted his brows. Making a phone call in the presence of a patient he has to take care of?

"Hey, you..."

"Ooops..." Oh's head rushed back to the moaning of the patient.

"Sorry."

After peering at Suhyuk once again, Oh started to see the patient again.

"Please give me the number of True Hospital."

At Suhyuk's request, the 114 operator gave him the number.

Suhyuk dialed directly.

"Yes, this is True Hospital."

"Hello, this is the emergency medicine department of Daehan Hospital. Age 69, the patient's name is Lee Byungchul. He had a medical treatment prescription there a few days ago."

"If it's urgent..."

Suhyuk cut out the reply deliberately to get the information quickly.

"It's an emergency. I'm in a hurry."

"Just a moment."

It did not take a long time. Soon there came out a voice from the other end.

"He was diagnosed with angina pectoris."

"Of course he has received a prescription drug?"

"Absolutely."

"Thank you."

Suhyuk, who hung up the phone, looked at the grandfather sitting down and laughed to himself.

He found out the reason why.

## Chapter 83

Patients with angina are prescribed with medication to help facilitate a smooth blood supply and flow.

Patient Lee Byunchol was prescribed with one of those such medications.

Suhyuk approached the grandpa and became worried for a moment. How could he explain it to him so that he could understand?

"Grandpa, you do not feel as if there is blood passing through your neck anymore, right?"

"Well, I guess I don't feel the blood rushing out anymore."

At this, Suhyuk smiled a bit.

"You have been prescribed pills for angina at True Hospital, correct?"

"That's right, that's right."

"The prescribed pills for angina contain ingredients that dilute the blood. Do you know what aspirin is?"

He nodded as if he knew what it was.

"You mean those white pills, right?"

"Yes, well you know what they look like when sold as they are. Aspirin can cause the blood in your body to circulate more easily, but aspirin can also cause problems. If you get hurt, the blood won't stop flowing. That's why blood was coming out from your nose."

The grandpa's eyes grew bigger.

"So, I should not take the pills for angina anymore?"

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, "For the time being you can take the medicine, as long as it doesn't contain aspirin."

He had to take only the medicine containing the anticoagulant until bleeding in the nose has completely stopped and the wound healed.

When the grandfather nodded, Suhyuk opened his mouth again, "As you shed too much blood, I think I need to get you a sap."

Even if he had the sap put in, it was necessary to watch his condition for several hours.

"If you get the sap, it will be very late in the night when treatment is finished. Therefore, will you call a guardian?"

The grandfather shook his head. His wife and children were at home. He did not want to make them worried.

"Can I make a quick call outside and then come back?"

As he was in the emergency room, they might notice him making a call and he might disturb the other people there.

Smiling, Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Yes, go ahead sir!"

So the grandfather made a short phone call and soon came back.

Suhyuk immediately put a ringer needle in his arm and asked, "Grandpa, do you smoke?"

"It is my joy and relaxation."

"Smoking is not very good for people with angina pectoris, so I think it would be better if you quit, for the sake of your family."

The grandfather nodded his head.

"Do you usually exercise?"

"What I do at my workplace is exercise enough."

Actually he had to move around until he was finished working at his workplace.

"What do you do?"

"Plastering work."

His job is to plaster cement finely on the wall, but such a job could never be called a form of exercise. This is because the amount of movement that is done is limited.

"It is good for people with angina pectoris to do whole body exercises. Can you do it for 30 minutes a day? And do not overeat. Please eat less. Mainly a vegetarian diet and avoid salty food."

The grandpa nodded his head and looked at him.

"By the way doctor, are you not busy?"

He has never talked with a doctor for such a long time like this before. All the way up to now, he had never talked to doctors for more than 10 minutes during the examination.

Before, even though he talked to the doctor, they said only words that he could not understand, and all they did was just make some injections and then give prescription drugs as a solution for his disease or illness. And if he could not get any better, the doctor recommended surgery. That was it.

But the doctor in front of him looked different compared to doctors such as those he had seen before. He felt as if he was meeting a close acquaintance.

While the grandpa was looking at Suhyuk, he kept talking, "The most important thing is not to be stressed because stress is the source of all illnesses."

He then responded to Suhyuk with a relaxed smile, "I'm afraid I'm taking too much of your time."

"I'm actually off today."

"Thank you."

Suhyuk shook his head, "This is my job, sir. After you get the sap, and it is confirmed that you have stopped bleeding, then you are good to be discharged."

Then he heard Oh Byunchul's voice.

"Lee Suhyuk. If you want to work, get dressed in a doctor's gown and come back."





Monday morning.

Suhyuk and his roommate Kwon Jaeik went to the underground convenience store for a light breakfast. One banana milk and one triangular dried laver roll each. That was their breakfast.

Kwon Jaeik, still rubbing his half-closed eyes, swallowed down the milk and then he asked Suhyuk, "What time did you come in yesterday?"

When he entered the lodging around 1am, Kwon fell into deep sleep immediately.

It was already in the morning when Kwon opened his eyes, and he found the alien Suhyuk already dressed in a robe.

"I came back here after 2am."

"You came back an hour later than me."

Suhyuk nodded a little. He had no clue why, but everybody egged him on to leave before 2am. Especially, Oh Byungchul.

If Suhyuk told him that he wanted to do a little more work, Oh expelled him with a threatening tone. Suhyuk muttered to himself. *"It is not easy to work."*

Other interns were anxious to rest, even shunning work, but Suhyuk thought the complete opposite.

"Can you manage your work?"

At Suhyuk's question, Kwon lowered his face, "I'm afraid I will die, and I just feel nervous and uneasy if I do not receive any abusive language even for a day. This is a disease, isn't it?"

Suhyuk, lightly tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Now your internship at the pediatric department is over, right"

"Yes, I will now be assigned to another department, and I am worried about it already."

Having said that, he looked at Suhyuk. The place where he once left from was the department of pediatrics, and there were still lots of praises of him going around.

"How are you so good at figuring out the patients' disease?" asked Kwon.

"Well, the patient tells you. Think about the hints they give off," said Suhyuk with a smile.

Kwon shook his head. One of Suhyuk's many nicknames, Alien... He could not figure out what he was talking about just as if he were an alien talking. *'Someday I could make a name for myself,'* Kwon thought to himself.

After having milk and dried laver rolls, the two separated from each other in the lobby.

Suhyuk was heading to the emergency room when his phone rang.

It was Professor Lee Mansuk.

"Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk."

"Are you available right now?"

He had still 30 minutes left until his shift.

"Yes, I am, sir."

"Great, then can you come to see me for a while?"

"Okay."

Suhyuk immediately went to his office.

As he opened the door, Prof Lee Mansuk rose from the seat to welcome him.

"Have you eaten breakfast? "

"Yes, why did you want to see me...?"

"Man, don't be impatient like that! Just sit down and have a cup of coffee first."

Suhyuk sat on the sofa and Lee put out a prepared coffee.

"Thank you."

Lee Mansuk looked at Suhyuk sipping the coffee quietly.

"Mr. Lee, do you have a girlfriend?"

"No, sir."

Then Lee Mansuk recalled a memory, while taking his cup of coffee to his mouth.

The image of Suhyuk standing side-by-side with a nurse on that particular day.

Apparently, both of them looked sweet like lovers.

*'If she is not his girlfriend, are they getting into a lovers' relationship? If so, there is still a chance.'*

"Let's have lunch today."

"Do you have anything to say?"

He nodded his head.

"I have a little bit of a long story to tell you, and now you have to go to work. So, I'll see you at lunch. Let me tell those at the emergency medical department about this."

"I will wait for you in front of the restaurant then."

Lee shook his head. "Wait for me outside the hospital, or wait in the lobby."

Suhyuk nodded and rose from his seat.

"Then I'll see you then."

"Okay. See you then."

Suhyuk went out the office, and Lee Mansuk enjoyed the aroma of coffee with a pleasant mind.



Suhyuk, heading to the emergency room, was walking in the hallway.

Then the nurses passing by him whispered to each other.

"I hear that intern doctor kicked out the gangsters?"

"Look at his face. He's such a hot guy!"

"I heard he's as good as a resident in terms of treating patients?"

The existence of Suhyuk continued to be felt throughout Daehan Hospital.

Of course, Suhyuk did not know about it at all. He was oblivious to all the rumours about himself.

When Suhyuk went into the emergency room, Oh Byungchul approached.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning. Don't stay working until after 2am today. Just go back to your lodging and take a rest."

Suhyuk made a bitter expression. What kind of workplace would stop those who want to work? This was that kind of place. He had no choice as it was an order from his supervisor.

"Yes, sir."

"And check if the equipment is OK."

At Oh's words, Suhyuk started to look at the medical devices attached to each bed.

The emergency room was not busy, and there were other medical staff already taking care of a few patients.

Suhyuk carefully checked the equipment. He could not take his work lightly as the equipment was designed to show the vitality pattern of patients.

Could it have been 20 minutes since he started checking? He checked all the devices, and fortunately, there were no problems. After he was done, he had nothing to do anymore.

Suhyuk went to Oh, and said, "All the equipment has been checked. They're all normal."

"Good."

Saying so, Oh fixed his gaze on the chart again. Then, Suhyuk's voice was heard from behind, "Is there anything else?"

At his asking, Oh scratched his head with a ballpoint pen.

Other interns, when given assignments, made a miserable scowl on their faces, but he was the opposite. There was nothing in particular for Suhyuk to do, and there were

very few patients visiting the emergency room today.

Oh, who was thinking what to say for a moment, opened his mouth, "Wait for a patient to arrive then."

Suhyuk made a bitter smile, but suddenly opened his mouth as if something came to his mind, "The patient record, can I check it?"

"What do you want to do by checking it?"

"I was wondering how the patients were being treated."

Oh nodded his head.

It was a good attitude. If he checked the illnesses of the patients, as well as the medical records of treatment and prescription, he would certainly find it a very valuable experience later.

"Yeah, if you're not busy, you can go ahead and check."

"Yes, sir."

Suhyuk went to a PC installed on one side, and he moved the mouse. Looking at the monitor, Suhyuk muttered, "There is an infection in the urinary tract, but the treatment was extracorporeal shock wave lithotripsy, and he must have felt pain..."

The term 'extracorporeal shock lithotripsy' refers to using bruising stones from the outside without the need for surgery.

Suhyuk saw the next patient's records.

"Tension pneumothorax."

It referred to a condition where the pressure in the thoracic cavity gradually disappeared when the lung tissue was damaged and the air entering the thoracic cavity could not escape. That made it possible for the heart to move out of place and become biased to one side. If so, the vena cava breaks and clogs the flow of blood back to the heart. It was an emergency situation that could endanger life with the patient going into shock.

As such, Suhyuk moved the mouse and scrolled through the patient files for a while.

"Hey, you can go out for your lunch break," said Oh who came up to him.

Suhyuk moved to the lobby at his words, and there he could meet Lee Mansuk as previously agreed.

Suhyuk opened his mouth when he saw him walking ahead.

"Where will we go to have lunch?"

"You'll see once we get there."

And so, Suhyuk went out of the the hospital following Prof Lee Mansuk.

# Chapter 84

A black car was driving on the road smoothly.

Suhyuk, sitting quietly in the passenger seat, opened his mouth, "Where are we heading for, sir?"

He was already sat in the car for about 20 minutes, and all the way up to now, Lee had not told him about the destination they were going to.

He just asked Suhyuk about his hospital life on and off whilst driving.

"You'll see once we get there."

Lee stroked the wheel with his fingers, smiling mysteriously.

The car drove a little longer and soon reached the entrance to a mountain road, and then they drove up to the middle point after a few more minutes.

At last, the engine was turned off and Suhyuk and Lee got out of the car.

Suhyuk looked around. In his surroundings there was a large antique house. At a glance, it made him think that it was an expensive traditional Korean restaurant.

"Food served at this Korean house is absolutely delicious. Let's go in."

Suhyuk, who could not take in the whole view of the house in one glance, followed Lee into the restaurant. The inside was gorgeous. The scented lanterns were shaking quietly, and a calm chirping sound from the piano tickled his ears.

"How many customers, sir?"

A well-dressed employee in a white shirt with a black skirt approached.

"I made a reservation."

"What is your name?"

"Lee Mansuk."

"Yes, on the third floor, follow me this way."

Suhyuk looked around here and there, while he was walking through the hallway. The ceramics, paintings and wallcoverings that were displayed for ornamental purposes even seemed expensive.

The sight made Suhyuk think of his parents and what he wanted to achieve in the future.

"This way, sir."

The employee opened a large door which was decorated with a drawing of a large stork. At the same time, Suhyuk's eyes became slightly bigger.

A gorgeous folding screen filled one side of the wall, showing the panoramic view of the overlooking mountains. *'How much do they charge for a meal in this place?'*

When Suhyuk thought about such things, Lee Mansuk opened his mouth, "Why don't you take a seat?"

Suhyuk sat down, and looked out at the scenic beauty outside the big window.

Was it because of the fine weather? The water running between the wooded trees could not be more fresher and cooler.

"Let's order a little later."

At Lee's words, Suhyuk looked at the time. He had less than 20 minutes of lunch time left.

Looking at Suhyuk, Lee made a leisurely laugh, saying, "I told them already about having lunch with me, so do not worry."

"What do you want to say to me..."

When Suhyuk slurred, Lee smiled pleasantly, saying, "Hey, don't be impatient like that. We just got here. So let's catch our breath first."

Suhyuk nodded, and then the employee's voice was heard.

"This is the place."

The door opened and a long brown-haired woman came in.

She was Lee Soyon, the niece of Prof. Lee Mansuk.



Looking at her, Suhyuk's eyes became larger.

"Hello."

*'What kind of situation is this?'* When Suhyuk was thinking to himself like that, the answer came from Lee's mouth.

"I heard that you took care of my niece the other day. I hear you treated her so kindly."

Suhyuk scratched his head. He did not have much to talk about, and he did not do any special tests. All he did was just blood collection.

"Thank you for that, and so I wanted to treat you to a meal as thanks. She is like my daughter."

"I didn't do anything in particular for her, sir. I just feel uncomfortable about this."

At his words, Lee shook his head, "No no, do not feel uncomfortable. Soyon says she has never seen such a doctor like you before, so she wants to see you again."

"Uncle..."

She poked his side with her elbow. Actually she was curious to know what type of person he was.

Was it really just that?

Anyway, she never had that kind of feeling like that before, to be curious about someone in such a way.

Her cheeks were blushing, and she glanced at Suhyuk.

That calm expression of his, and his eyes that did not blink at all even if he saw an entertainer like her.

She met such a guy for the first time in a long time.

Though, was there any such guy like him that she could think of?

"So don't be uncomfortable."

Suhyuk nodded at Lee Mansuk's words.

Seeing as he agreed to come here, and seeing as Lee wanted to treat him, it was his

duty to eat the food heartily.

"Thank you"

At his words, Lee made a satisfactory look, and he placed an order.

"Let me go to the bathroom for a moment."

Rising from the seat, Lee Mansuk glanced at Soyon.

Her cheeks became all the more reddish.

When Lee went out, the room became silent, but that was only for just a moment.

Soyon opened her mouth first, "Thank you very much for back then."

"It was just a basic examination. So, never mind it."

"I wasn't able to go back to the hospital because I had a very busy schedule. May I get the test outcome even if I don't visit the hospital?"

"If you don't mind, I will contact you after checking it."

Soyon's eyes shone brightly. She wanted to get his phone number that way.

"Thank you, my number i..."

"I'll inform Professor Lee about it after lunch. I think that would be better."

*'What the hell is this guy thinking right now?'*

When Lee Soyon blinked her eyes at his words, his cell phone rang.

"Yes, this is Lee Suhyuk."

It was a call from Oh Byungchul.

"Where are you?"

"I went out for lunch. I was told that Professor Lee Mansuk told you about this. "

"I know, so where are you right now?"

Suhyuk asked, looking at Soyon.

"What is the name of this place?"

"Gyeongbuk..." Then the door opened and a voice popped out.

"Don't say it!"

It was Lee Mansuk.

Suddenly, he approached Suhyuk and opened his mouth, "Who is it?"

A little surprised, Suhyuk looked at him blankly.

"It's Mr. Oh Byungchul."

"Oh, I forgot that I had something to say to him. Can I talk to him?"

Suhyuk nodded his head and handed his cell phone.

"It's me, Lee Mansuk."

Then he went out.

"I think I told you already I have something to say to Lee Suhyuk. I might send him back over a bit later."

"Well..."

Lee, who narrowly knitted his brows, remembered something suddenly, saying, "Do you know Noblesse?"

"Are you referring to the restaurant? I know it."

"Yeah, I'm eating here right now. So do not worry, I'll send him back in good time."

"It's alright. Please have a good time."

Lee hung up the phone, and turned off Suhyuk's cell phone.

Then he went inside and handed back the phone.

"Do not worry about the hospital. He said you could come later."

Suhyuk nodded his head. Who could take issue with him eating with a professor?

"Is it okay for you to be vacant for so long?"

Suhyuk asked Lee with a surprise.

Patients requiring emergency surgery could come to the emergency room at any time.

"If I had a patient to care for, I would not have come to this place. How can there be only one doctor like me at the hospital? And if there is a call, I can move then."

Then Lee said, looking at the employee bringing the food, "Can doctors who are so busy have a chance to eat like this? On call, on duty, and night duty. We have to enjoy food like this every once in a while when we can, right?"

Suhyuk nodded his head. That's right. Of course, he could not agree with some parts of his opinion.

"Food served here really tastes good. I come to this place with Soyon sometimes."

The table was filled with all kinds of delicacies, and the delicacies on the table were enough to stimulate the appetite.

"Okay, enjoy!"

The meal started, and Lee looked at Suhyuk and Soyon alternately, gesturing toward her repeatedly. On such occasions, she opened her mouth, "Dried yellow corvina tastes really good here."

"I see."

"What kind of food do you like, Suhyuk?"

"Well, I like any food."

"Yes, a man who eats well looks good to me."

Suhyuk nodded his head and moved his chopsticks slowly.

*'What kind of guy is he?'*

Lee Soyon peeked at him.

He was the type of a man who did not show any gap that she could get into.

He just answered any question she asked in a way that she could not talk back. It looked as if he was putting out a protective shield. That made her more curious about him.

Did he act like that on purpose? And on that day when she visited the emergency room, the smile he showed her could not be found anywhere today.

“Do you love doing exercise?”

“Let me go out to the bathroom.”

When Suhyuk rose, she just shut her mouth with an embarrassed look.

“So, how do you feel about him?”

When Suhyuk went out, Lee asked her.

“I do not know.”

“Though he looks brusque, he is a warm-hearted person.”

Lee Mansuk, who watched Suhyuk on his usual days, thought about him that way.

The genuine attitude of his towards patients, facing directly with them...

He would not have introduced his niece to Suhyuk if he had not found such a sincere character in him.

"Uncle, I'm supposed to have CF shooting in an hour..."

"Yeah, we are almost done eating anyway. Let's get up and get ready to leave. You should ask him for his contact number."

At his words, she felt her face burn up into a blush. Though she was a talent, she could not reveal the ups and downs of her own emotion.

“By the way, why hasn't he come back?”

It's been 10 minutes already since Suhyuk left.

And now, soon after, 20 minutes have passed since he left.

"Does he have constipation?"

Lee Mansuk rose up to see if there was something wrong.

When he was about to go out, he turned his head at her calling, “Uncle!”

She was looking out the window.

Approaching the window, Lee shook his head.

He was with a woman who looked like a climber.

Suhyuk silently looked at her who was limping, and touched her ankle.

Then he tied her ankle with the handkerchief she gave him.

Lee and Soyon could see him.

With one of his knees bent down, he was looking up the climber with a smile.

"Doctor..." She was unconsciously recalling the word, and Lee smiled bitterly, saying, "Just think of it as an occupational illness..."



Kim Jinwook, who opened the door of the emergency room, approached Oh Byungchul.

"Did you not hear it wrong?"

"I heard that it was Noblesse."

"Are you sure?"

At the suspicious eyes of Kim Jinwook, Oh Byungchul scratched his head.

"I think it's true... Can I call again?"

Kim Jinwook shook his head.

Suhyuk's phone was turned off.

"But why are you looking for intern Lee Suhyuk?"

"No reason."

Kim Jinwook turned back.

Oh made a suspicious look when he saw Kim going out.

He was just following his instructions that he should check Suhyuk's whereabouts as a rule and report on him.

## Chapter 85

Suhyuk, who came out of the Korean restaurant, entered Lee's car, and it was now just the two of them. Lee Soyon had already left in a van to go to her talent work.

"Did you enjoy the food?"

Suhuk nodded at Lee's asking.

"It was delicious."

The food was really good. Though he did not visit that kind of restaurant often, it surely offered the best traditionally Korean food that he's ever had.

"Let's come back again next time then."

So they left the place. As soon as the car was running, Suhyuk suddenly checked his cell phone.

Did the battery go out? It was turned off.

When Suhyuk pressed the power button, the screen turned on.

The capacity of the battery was enough for it to remain charged for a long while.

*'Though, it is about time to change to a new one... '*

He used this particular phone for the past five years without changing it even once.

At that moment Suhyuk's cell phone vibrated and a message window popped up,  
<Suhyuk, this brother feels regrettable... >

Starting with that one, other text messages continued to pop up.

All of them were sent by Prof. Kim Jinwook. What were they about?

<Suhyuk, did you turn off your cell phone on purpose? How about dinner tonight?>

<Oh, I have got a surgery scheduled today. If you want, let me reserve one spot for you?>

Reading all the text messages, Suhyuk rubbed his arms. He got goose bumps for some reason.

He wrote a reply right away.

At that moment he fixed his eyes on the front when Lee said, "What a traffic jam!"

As he said, the cars in front were crawling like a tortoise, though at least they got out of the foot of mountain.

It was impossible that there could be such a traffic jam in a place like this. Was there a car accident?

That was possible. Suhyuk checked his watch. It was already past 2pm.

"I'm afraid I'm too late returning back..."

Suhyuk's worries were evident on his face.

Lee smiled and said, "You do not have to worry about it. Why? Are you afraid someone is going to take any issue with you?"

Suhyuk was an intern who had not been assigned to any specific department for his internship, and he had no meaningful weight as a doctor.

Nobody could take any issue with him just because he was a bit late.

Especially because he was with Prof. Lee.

"If anybody says something about this, tell me right away."

Smiling bitterly, Suhyuk looked out the car window.

He just wanted to go back to the hospital.

"How about Soyon?"

"She looks beautiful," he said.

That was true. She was really beautiful.

"I'm not mentioning this because she is my niece, but she is very upright and good..."

While Lee said so, his eyes were getting bigger.



A two-story house was seen on the side, and it was leaning to one side. Then suddenly it collapsed with a big thump.



There was an incredible sight happening in front of him.

The cars that were crawling in the traffic jam stopped completely.

And the people inside the cars came out one by one. Suhyuk was no different.

Though he could not see well due to the dust. Was there anyone inside the house?

“Anyone trapped inside?!”

As if some being were answering his shouting, the water from a pipe burst out like a fountain, and the dust that interfered with his view disappeared in an instant.

“Is anybody here?!”

There was no answer. Was there nobody in the house? If so, that was really fortunate.

Soaked to the skin, Suhyuk looked around to check if there was anyone wounded, and walked around the collapsed house.

He heard nothing like a human voice, though.

"Huuuuuh..."

At that moment, he heard something like “Help...”

It was a very quiet and muted voice.

When he called out again, he heard a voice immediately, “Here... Here...”

He moved hastily.

"Where are you?!"

Suhyuk started to remove the trees and stones quickly.

He did not care that he had the back of his hand bruised.

"Please help me..." Cried the voice of a woman trapped in a heap of stones.

Soon a child's crying could also be heard.

"Are you okay?!"

Suhyuk, who knelt down on both knees, and put his ears closer to the ground.

"Please help me, I think my husband is shedding a lot of blood!"

Her voice was in pain.

Suhyuk, who rose from his place, had a hard time trying to lift up a big stone with all his might.

But it did not budge at all. It weighed at least 200kg or more. No wonder that he could not move it at all.

He quickly shook his head and shouted out, "Help!"

Did no one hear his shouting voice?

They just came out from their cars, showing no sign of coming to help him, and called somewhere. Even some of them were leaving the place in a car.

Knitting his brows, Suhyuk pushed the stone hard again.

But it was the same as before. The stone still did not move.

At that moment he saw a metal pipe on one side.

It was pretty long. At least 5 meters long.

Carrying it on his shoulder, he put the pipe inside a gap underneath the stone.

He was about to use the principle of leverage, and then he pushed it down very hard at one end.

The stone hovered up and down. Suhyuk frowned his face.

He was squeezing out all the strength he had to push down the pipe and lift up the stone.

"Just a little more..."

Did Suhyuk's desperate efforts pay off?

The stone rolled over with a big noise.

Throwing away the iron pipe, Suhyuk also then threw away some small stones scattered behind.

Lee Mansuk at that moment then walked up to him. He was all wet to the skin.

"Was there a person Inside?"

Suhyuk, not hearing his words well, moved his hand like a person who lost his senses.

Soon he could see a small hole, and there a woman's face seen halfway, and the child's cry was heard more clearly.

Suhyuk's mouth was reflexively opened, "Are you okay?"

"My husband isn't opening his eyes," she said.

Her husband lay next to her, but Suhyuk could not see him because a heap of stones was blocking his view.

"Hold on a second, I'll get you out soon."

Suhyuk grabbed the pipe again, and he started to move away the stones blocking them from getting out.

Lee, who was next to Suhyuk, had finished dialing 119 and Daehan Hospital.

When he removed all the stones, there appeared a pit about one meter in diameter.

They were trapped in the pit. How fortunate they were.

A fireplace made of cast iron prevented the stones from falling over onto them.

"Please take out my kid first..."

Suhyuk quickly pulled out the child crouching inside. A child with lots of dust covering his face. And now there was the sound of falling water like rain, and the cry of a child.

"I think he's okay. Professor Lee, please take care of this boy."

Suhyuk then reached his hands over to the woman.

"My husband..."

"Come out first."

Suhyuk pulled her out.

And he told her, with blood coming down from her hair, "Tell me where you are hurt."

Fortunately, her skull seemed to be okay, though she had a little bruise.

"*Boohoo...* I'm okay... Please save my husband!"

At her desperate screaming, Suhyuk jumped down.

And he could see that the man was trapped under a stone. One side of the wall was pressing down on his lower body, and he was bleeding terribly.

"Please come to your senses!"

Suhyuk waved him and took his hand to his nose. His breath was very weak.

Then his eyelids shuddered, and he said, "Where am I..."

"The house building collapsed. Are you okay?"

His eyes suddenly opened.

"Yerin, Mijin!"

"Honey!"

His wife and child who was crying were seen in his eyes.

When he confirmed his family's faces and saw that they were alright, he began to moan.

He felt a great deal of pain down from his lower body.

Suhyuk took off his clothes and covered his upper body.

His lips were blue. He was suffering from hypothermia caused by the excessive bleeding.

Suhyuk had an embarrassed expression. There was nothing he could do.

Only a superman could move the stone that had been pressing down on him.

"Has the ambulance not come yet? It looks like he needs a blood transfusion quickly."

At Suhyuk's urging, Lee dialed 119 again and shouted, "Come quickly!"

It has already been five minutes since Suhyuk went inside the pit.

In the meantime, the sound of the ambulance could not be heard.

"Hold on a second," Suhyuk continued to speak to him.

However, the bleeding was so severe that it was not easy for him to stay conscious.

If he loses consciousness, the situation would go out of control.

"I don't have any feeling in my body right now."

When the man said that, Suhyuk knitted his brows. That meant his body was getting more and more damaged. There was nothing he could do to help.

"The body of a man is mysterious. It breaks like an egg and yet it is also hard as a rock."

At Suhyuk's words, the man smiled hard. He could understand what he meant.

Words of encouragement.

"Your kid looks wonderful."

The man smiled with some effort. His family looking down on him with tears dripping.

"He takes after my wife."

Then Suhyuk heard a nice siren sound.

And soon the faces of the paramedics were seen up above. Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Blood transfusion, first."

The blood transfusion was done immediately. While Suhyuk was carrying the blood sap, paramedics began to agonize about the situation because they could not break the stone or use the cutter to pull him out. The location of his being trapped was really exquisite. If they remove the stone covering the lower body of the man, the surrounding stones will collapse.

"We have to lift it from the top first."

In order to prevent any collapse, there was no other way for them to remove the stones from the outside.

While they were agonizing over it, Suhyuk was also thinking.

Even just a moment made the situation more urgent. Transfusion alone has its limitations.

As time went by, the life of the victim would get worse.

Looking at the lower body of the man quietly, Suhyuk opened his mouth.

"We could cut it."

## Chapter 86

The ambulance crew shook their heads at Suhyuk's words.

If they cut the stone, the surroundings might collapse.

"Then the surroundings may collapse," they said.

Suhyuk, fixing his gaze on the victim, opened his mouth, "My idea is to have his leg amputated."

Everyone's eyes turned big. It was an idea that nobody thought of.

"You are talking nonsense. Who are you?"

When a crew member asked, Suhyuk said briefly, "I'm a doctor."

Then he knelt down to one side of the victim's head, with the blood pack still raised, and Suhyuk asked the victim smiling blankly, "Can you move your right leg?"

His leg wriggled. As expected, the right side was not trapped, but there was bleeding coming from there. The victim let out a painful groan.

"It seems like you've been pierced by something."

Suhyuk knitted his brows. What was it? But right now that was not the point to focus on.

"You said earlier you do not have feeling. Can you feel anything on your left leg?"

He shook his head. He could not get out because of his trapped left leg.

Suhyuk gave a brief sigh. The muscles in the crushed area were getting worse and worse. That's why he had no sense of feeling there.

"I think you have to have your leg amputated. The odds are 6 to 4."

"Oh..." A sigh came out of the mouth of the victim.

"It sounds like the odds are that I might die."

"Yes."

However, the worst could also happen when they took away the stone as it was.

Bywater syndrome. Muscles that are pressured in some parts of the body are necrotic and produce toxic substances. When they release the stone and the pressure is released, the poisonous substance in one place will start roaming through the body in the blood. Also the amount of bleeding was severe.

"I am taking low blood pressure medicine. Will it be okay?"

At his bittersweet words, Suhyuk's expression became worse.

That's why such excessive bleeding was happening.

"I think you should make a decision now."

"Give me a little time to think."

Suhyuk nodded his head, and then, he handed the blood pack to the paramedics and climbed up.

"Please save my husband!"

Tears flowed constantly from the eyes of the victim's wife.

"Do you think he can't be pulled out?"

Suhyuk nodded his head at Lee's question.

"One of his legs was trapped under a stone. I think we should consider an amputation."

A bolt out of the blue to the wife. She knelt down helplessly.

Suhyuk, moving the heap of stones that trapped the victim, said to Lee, "Bywater syndrome. I think we need to cut his leg and have him get immediate surgery."

Lee looked at Suhyuk quietly. His shoulders slumped. It was as if Lee was a part of the victim's family when he saw what he was doing.

He was throwing the piled stones away one by one. As for a large stone that he could not remove with just his hands, he rolled it over with a steel pipe. But his own strength was limited. Among the stones, a big rock did not move even a bit.



A murmur came out of his mouth, "Move... Damn it!"

Then he stood up and moved to the victim.

Then Lee Mansuk caught him by the shoulder, asking, "How is the victim's condition?"

"He was bleeding and taking blood pressure medication."

"I think I have to take a look," said Lee.

When Lee tried to put his foot into the pit, Suhyuk shook his head.

"The inside is fairly narrow, let me go in."

Suhyuk's eyes met with Lee's eyes, as if they were begging him to believe him.

When Lee nodded his head, Suhyuk began to move.



"Have you made a decision?"

The victim closed his eyes for a moment and fell into thought.

It did not last long.

He lifted his eyelids and opened his mouth, "I want to go out with normal legs."

That meant he rejected the amputation idea.

Suhyuk respected his judgment, and gave a slight smile.

The situation was not that pessimistic and hopeless.

He could pin some hope on the fact that he was still conscious.

*'I will do what I can.'*

"Got it."

Suhyuk immediately loosened his belt and tightened it around the thigh of the victim.

"It is an ad-hoc prescription to prevent toxicity that can go up the leg."

Suhyuk said to the ambulance crew who were looking at the surroundings.

"Please remove the stones so I can pull out his leg."

The crew nodded, even though the heavy equipment vehicles were still on their way over here.

When they went out, Suhyuk and the victim were left alone.

Suhyuk leaned against the wall holding the blood pack.

"You're having a real trouble because of me. Thank you."

Suhyuk laughed.

"You do not have to thank me, this is my job," he said, looking at the hole where the light was coming in from.

"No, you're having this trouble because of me... If I had chosen to have my leg amputated, I would have gotten out already."

Suhyuk listened to what he was saying. It was good for him to continue to speak, so he could stay conscious like that.

"I felt as if I was going to be kicked out of my company if I had my legs amputated.

And I still have a lot of loans to pay back and a family to feed..."

"I think you are a great family man. You should stay calm in order to get out of here."

"Thank you."

As soon as he said that, the dirt fell down. It meant that the heavy lifting machinery arrived.

The paramedics came down again.

"There is a risk of collapse while we are removing the stones, so we will install some equipment around here first."

The paramedics immediately installed hydraulic support beams here and there.

Soon, solid iron steel was installed to support stones that could collapse, and the place inside became even narrower.

"Okay. We will remove the stone from above. Tell us if you see any sign of collapse here."

When Suhyuk nodded his head, they went up again.

Dirt kept falling from above. Suhyuk picked up the jacket he had overlaid over the victim.

"You'll be able to get out of here soon, just be patient."

How long has it been so far? The amount of light pouring down was becoming more and more.

Then the paramedics came in.

"We're ready. We're going to remove the stones."

"Please do it as much as possible without any vibration."

They nodded, and got the cutter from above.

"Even with sprinkling water there will be have a lot of dust."

The man who put a mask on the victim handed another one to Suhyuk.

*Weeeing...* The cogwheel started to turn and the machine cut the stone slowly.

On all such occasions, the victim's face frowned.

Suhyuk asked him, "Are you okay?"

He nodded his head. He felt the vibration in the part where bleeding came from, and the pain became more severe than before. But he could hold on, for he had to, for the sake of his family.

The cogwheels kept turning without stopping. It took 20 minutes before the cutter stopped, and the stone on which the victim was trapped was cut into several pieces. The stones were removed, and Suhyuk checked the bleeding leg.

A rebar was poking through the thigh, which protruded from the stone.

Suhyuk knitted his brows.

The risk of cutting the rebar with the cutter and removing it was too great.

Because muscles and nerves could be damaged by the ensuing vibration.

Even though he wanted to pull out his thigh, excessive bleeding could occur.

Though he agonized a bit over it, Suhyuk made a quick judgment.

Even a second was not to be wasted.

He could not delay anymore.

"Please give me some bandages."

Suhyuk, who was handed bandages by the crew, tied up the upper part of the stabbed wound with the bandages.

"You will feel a bit of pain."

When the victim nodded, Suhyuk slowly pulled the thigh from the rebar.

"Ugh..."

The blood poured out. However, it was blood that was stagnant and that had stayed trapped in the leg.

The bleeding was getting less frequent because he tied the wound very tight with utmost pressure.

"Move him quickly!" When Suhyuk said that, the crew began to raise him out the pit.

"Honey!"

*"Boohoo... Dad!"*

The victim was carried into the ambulance amid the family's crying.

As soon as the victim arrived at the emergency room, he went through an examination while he was receiving blood transfusions first. Of course, the place that was penetrated by the rebar was also treated. A tetanus shot was given to him too.

Can there be such a miracle?

There was a small crack in the bones of his trapped leg, and only a little muscle damage.

However, his blood pressure slightly dropped. In the end, that was all.

The reason why the man was not seriously hurt was something Suhyuk could only guess at.

As the head of the family, he had such a great care and consideration for his family.

Could that devotion have caused such a miracle?

But he could not afford to be off guard. Even bywater syndrome could cause trouble.

He immediately administered sap and medication. It was a drug that diluted toxicity.

Prof. Lee took the lead there. Well, it was mostly done by Suhyuk, because the victim followed what Suhyuk said.

"Don't cry, I'm okay."

The victim, lying in a stretcher bed, smiled and soothed his child.

Then Lee brought the chart and came up to him.

"Fortunately, there seems to be no problems, but I need to watch over the progress of your condition while you're being treated here for a few days."

When Lee said that, the man turned his gaze to the side.

There, Lee Suhyuk, the intern, was laughing with his child.

*'If he had not been there at the time of the accident, what would have happened to me?'*

Suhyuk made him hold open his eyes that he felt were closing by having him think of his family.

"Guardian, follow me."

Lee left the place, and Suhyuk, left alone, opened his mouth, "You're lucky. You've got insurance, right?"

The man smiled and nodded, "Yes, even life insurance for the family."

Suhyuk laughed a little. He was such a great patient, still caring about his family so much.

"But it looked like a new house..."

At Suhyuk's words, his expression got harder and harder.

It was less than a week since his new house was built. How did they build it like that...

"I think there's only one thing I can do for you."

The victim made a curious expression.

What does he mean when he said he could do something for him?

He was already so grateful that he saved his life and treated him.

Then he heard something.

"Hey, Suhyuk!"

A woman with long waving hair approached him laughing. It was reporter Han Jihye.

## Chapter 87

Han Jihye came up to Suhyuk and smiled. Then she looked at the man lying in bed.

“Is this the man you talked about?” she asked.

Nodding his head, Suhyuk said, “I think he’ll help give you a good story.”

Saying so, Suhyuk turned back to leave the place. Before he left out of earshot, she said to Suhyuk, “Suhyuk, let’s have dinner together sometime.”

Then she smiled softly at the man in bed.

“I hear your newly built house collapsed. How fortunate you are...”

“Actually it’s better to say that he saved my life,” the man said, looking at Suhyuk who was leaving the place.

Slowly nodding her head, she thought of his face. In some respect he had an icy demeanour, but the smiles he gave could not be warmer.

“By the way, who are you?”

“Oh, I’m a reporter. I think I can be of help to you.”



The national TV networks were scrambling to report on the incident of the collapse of the newly built house; with a miracle story about the rescue of one family buried under the collapsed house. The construction company that built the house offered all kinds of excuses, with the assurance that they would pay compensation to the family as much as they could.

So, all the things unfolded just as Suhyuk expected. He could smile a satisfactory smile at the family members discharged from the hospital.

On the other hand, Han Jihye was full of dissatisfaction with the copy editor in the newsroom.

“Editor!”

Looking at the reporting files, he greeted her with a pleasant smile.

Everytime she came in with a news piece about some incident, it was hit after hit with the news channels. She was a real gem to him.

“Now, what’s the matter?”

“Why, Suhyuk... how come the doctor who rescued the family was not mentioned in the report?”

When she submitted the original script, she heavily mentioned Suhyuk’s role.

From the time he was in high school he saved people’s lives, identified the cause of death of a cadaver, and even caught criminals. Mentioning those things, she narrated a dramatic story about Suhyuk, so that he could get even more limelight for success in the world.

However, there was no story about him either on TV nor in the papers. All of it evaporated into nothing!

When Han fumed, unable to hold back her anger, the editor smiled bitterly.

He wanted to spread Suhyuk’s story to the world.

The student in question, almost forgotten in the memories of the people, resurfaced again as a doctor this time, who, to exaggerate a bit, went around to save a person’s life every year.

How wonderful! In this tough world, he was like a hero who could appear on the movie screen.

If they report about him, the general public will be all the more excited about him, and the media company that broke a story about him first would go from strength to strength.

However, they could not do so this time, because of one phone call.

The editor, offering a cup of coffee, opened his mouth to Han Jihye, “I received a call from Lee Suhyuk’s lawyer.”

Her eyes became wide.



“Lawyer?”

Why did Suhyuk hire a lawyer? She could not figure it out at all.

For fear that the media would report about him in a weird way?

She felt a bit regrettable about it. She just wanted to let the world know about his good work, rather than get a good scoop.

Even then, he hated it so much? Suddenly she recalled what he had told her in the past.

*“I wish I were not on TV anymore.”*

*‘Was he serious when he said that? Not because he was media shy? So, is that why he hired a lawyer?’*

She could not understand Suhyuk’s behavior because he was not the same Suhyuk she had known in the past. Sweeping up her hair, she asked the editor, “What’s the lawyer’s name?”

“I heard it’s Dongsu.”

“Really?”

“Kim Dongsu.”

*‘He is a prosecutor...’*



Watching the TV in the lobby, Suhyuk smiled. He could not find any news story about him in the news reports about the collapse of the building and the safe rescue of a family.

It seems Jihye obviously accepted his request this time.

Thinking so, he headed for the cafeteria. Then his cell phone rang.

It was from Jihye.

“Yes, sister.”

“Are you busy Suhyuk?”

“No, I’m just now going for lunch.”

“Well... let me ask you one thing. Dongsu called our company and threatened we should not report anything about you. I don’t understand why he did that.”

Suhyuk went blank, and soon made a dumbfounded smile.

When he talked with Dongsu over the phone, he bleated a bit that he might be on TV again, and complained that he did not want any media spotlight.

*“Why? Don’t you like being on TV?”*

*“I don’t want to draw the people’s attention.”*

*“Really?”*

That was the end of their conversation. Then, Dongsu made the call to the media company...

He just acted wild like that. But he felt good about it.

Jihye who wanted to inform the world about his name. He could guess her motivation to some respect.

And Dongsu who would come anytime to help him as far as he was concerned. That kind of reckless act made him feel good. It seemed some valuable persons around him began to be added up one by one. That was in sharp contrast to his school days.

“Suhyuk?”

Suhyuk, who had been recalling Dongsu, now came to his senses.

“Ah, why did Dongsu do a thing like that...? I have an emergency call all of a sudden. Let me call you later!” Suhyuk hung up the phone.

Rather than make an excuse to her, he felt it would be better for the two of them, who sometimes contacted each other anyway, to take care of the matter well between themselves.

Looking at his cell phone calmly, he headed to the cafeteria.



“Take care!” said Oh Byungchul.

“See you again,” replied Suhyuk.

Already, the one month of work at the emergency room, which the hospital director promised to Suhyuk, passed.

It was about time he should move to another clinical department.

“Nice job. You’re going to major in emergency medical science, right?”

Oh firmly believed he would do so, and hoped he would.

After all, he did stay one more month at the emergency room per his own request.

Suhyuk just smiled without replying, and bowed his head again.

“Thanks for your teaching sir. See you again.”

At that moment Oh came close to saying to him, *‘It’s me who learned from you.’*

After swallowing what he was about to say, Oh nodded his head and walked back. So did Suhyuk.

When he was going out of the emergency room, he heard voices from some nurses in the back.

“See you again, doctor!”

“We’ll wait for you at the emergency room until you become a resident.”

The way they spoke to him looked like they were talking to someone who was leaving somewhere far.

It was possible. There were many hospital wards at Daehan Hospital, which was very large.

Unless they belonged to the same clinical depart, they would hardly see each other’s faces.



Time passed very quickly.

There was only one month left for the interns to decide on their major.

The primary physician of internal medicine was with the interns, and Suhyuk was amongst those interns.

Looking at the patient's name in the hospital room, the internal doctor opened his mouth, "Im Okgyong."

At his calling, a female intern came up.

"He's has mediastinitis. What kind of treatment did he receive?"

"As a result of erroneous swallowing of foreign substances or esophageal cancer, a hole in the esophagus formed..."

The internal doctor shook his head.

"Did I ask you to explain about the disease? How was he treated?"

"Well... the inflammation was removed and some medication was applied..."

The doctor let out a sigh at the intern's silly response.

"Do you know why Lee Suhyuk is famous at other departments?"

Every intern just kept silent like a mute who ate honey.

They heard rumors about him. He answered the professors or doctors' questions so well.

"Lee Suhyuk, can you explain? How was the patient treated?"

"The patient was injected with antibiotics and nutrients at the same time, and he underwent respiratory support."

"Why?"

"Because it suppresses inflammation which prevented food from passing through the esophagus..."

At that moment, they heard someone clicking his tongue.

*"Tut, tut..."*

He was Prof. Lee Mansuk.

"You have a weird hobby, man. Why do you go to the trouble of asking someone about something you know already?"

"Well... I was going to do it for the interns' guidance."

The doctor stammered.

"Next time ask them after showing the patient's chart."

"Yes, sir."

To Prof. Lee, the doctor's behavior looked like he wanted to tighten the interns' discipline.

"I've got something to talk to Lee Suhyuk about. Can I take him for a moment?"

"Yes, sir."

Suhyuk made a bitter smile, following Prof. Lee., because he could not focus on the patients.

It was because of this professor who met or contacted him any time he wanted.

So, they got on the elevator to go to the Sky Park at the rooftop.

Prof. Lee, who sat on the bench, asked Suhyuk, "It's hard, right?"

"It's okay, sir."

He had nothing much to do at the internal medicine department, compared with other departments.

All he had to do was just make the rounds with the doctor and look on. There was nothing else he could do, because the doctor did not allow him to do anything.

"I've got something I'm curious to ask you about."

"Please let me know, sir."

Prof. Lee stopped talking for a moment.

All his efforts came to nothing. Including the one involving his niece.

Soyon made several attempts to contact him, but gave up due to Suhyuk's stoney attitude.

She complained that she did not find him attractive enough.

The text messages she showed to him made him just feel embarrassed.

No matter how long a text message she sent, his replies were just like this: *Yes, No, I'm busy, I ate.*

Prof. Lee slightly glanced at Suhyuk, wondering if he was not interested in a girl at all, but a man instead... He felt like he was hit with a hammer when he thought this was the reason.

Prof. Lee shook his head.

"What's the matter with you, sir?"

"No, nothing. By the way, the test on your major is just around the corner, right?"

"Yes, sir."

Prof. Lee slowly nodded his head, and opened his mouth.

"Let me speak directly. I want you to come to the neurosurgery department. I can help you, and discuss with you, touring the conferences together..."

Suhyuk listened to him silently.

Was he mistaken? He could feel some sort of deep feelings in the professor's voice.

"Do you have in mind any particular clinical department?"

When Suhyuk opened his mouth, Prof. Lee felt so anxious at the moment.

"Well, I'd like to..."

At that moment, someone shouted toward him, "Suhyuk!"

Both of them turned their heads toward the entrance of the Sky Park.

Lee Mansuk frowned his face, and Suhyuk stayed calm, as if he knew it would happen.

Whenever he was meeting with Prof. Lee, Prof. Kim Jinwook came to see him.

Of course, in terms of frequency, Prof. Lee did come to see him more than Prof. Kim.

And then, Kim would say something like this, *"I've been looking for you for a long while."*

Walking up to them, Prof. Kim smiled at Suhyuk, and said, "I've been looking for you for a long while."

"What brought you here?" asked Prof. Lee.

Kim made a relaxed smile at Lee's asking, and said, "I've got something to say to my brother Suhyuk."

The word 'brother' was really annoying to him. Lee wiggled his eyelids.

"I'll send him to you as soon as I'm done."

Kim sat on the bench next to them.

"Let me wait here, enjoying the nice breeze."

Why does Kim look so nasty to him even though he did not do anything wrong to him?

Lee, who could not put up with it any more, asked Suhyuk.

The time finally came when he had to end his anxious life, wondering what department Suhyuk would decide on.

"So, which department do you want to go to?"

Kim Jinwook cast his eyes at him instantly.

"I would like to..."

# Chapter 88

Lee Mansuk and Kim Jinwook's attention were immediately focused on Suhyuk's lips.

They did not care about the sound of the wind, nor the chattering among those on the benches in the park. Suhyuk slightly looked at Lee Mansuk; the best neurosurgeon in Korea.

One day he asked Lee about the injuries that Hana's father had, and Lee shook his head, saying that modern medical science could not treat it.

If that was true, it meant that even Prof. Lee could not do anything about it.

So, Suhyuk gave up on choosing neurosurgery.

At the same time he recalled stem cell research. He reaffirmed his determination that someday, or in the near future, he would solve the questions left long standing by himself.

Suhyuk opened his mouth.

"I'm thinking of choosing thoracic and cardiovascular surgery."

He firmly decided on it as there were not many doctors in that field compared with other clinical departments, and it was something the residents felt reluctant about doing.

It was the foremost frontline where he could save one's life.

Suhyuk thought it was thoracic and cardiovascular surgery that could save the lives of those falling into desperate condition.

If the emergency room is to blow the wind to revive a spark, thoracic cardiovascular surgery is to make the spark burn brightly. The place where life and death is decided directly is in the operating room.

So, he decided to go to that department.

Lee Mansuk made a disappointed expression. How much efforts had he put in to find such a talent... Why would he choose to suffer hardship as a thoracic surgeon in doing



thoracic and cardiovascular surgery, often called the 3Ds job - difficult, dangerous and dirty.

As a matter of fact, neurosurgery was almost as hard, but thoracic cardiovascular surgery was just a bit harder.

As there were not a sufficient number of doctors, the scheduled surgeries had to be delayed sometimes.

Even for that reason, Suhyuk wanted to go there all the more.

When Lee was making a deep sigh, Kim was smiling with a satisfactory look.

“Nice decision!” said Kim.

He was the professor in charge of emergency artery team.

That meant he would have more time to see Suhyuk.

“Are you really serious about your decision?”

At Lee’s asking, Suhyuk nodded his head.

“Yes, I want to go major in thoracic cardiovascular surgery.”

Rising from the bench, he tapped Suhyuk on the shoulder a few times, and then walked to the elevator. Still there was one more month left for him to change Suhyuk’s mind.

What kind of options are there...

Today out of all days, Lee Mansuk looked feeble.

“Suhyuk, you made a great decision. Just move on from now on.”

Suhyuk smiled at his words.

It would be only for a brief time that he would stay at the thoracic cardiovascular surgery, because he had some other work to do.



A strange rumor began to float around in the thoracic cardiovascular surgery department.

It was about the coming arrival of a monster resident at the thoracic cardiovascular surgery one month later. It was Prof. Kim Jinwook who spread that strange rumor.

For several days in a row he went around with a smile, telling the doctors about it, with the caveat that they had better stay alert.

Binna, a nurse of the thoracic cardiovascular surgery department, was composing a text message, recalling him. Wishing he would come here, she put her earnest heart in each word of the message.

<How have you been, sir? I wonder if you're majoring in thoracic cardiovascular surgery.>

<Yes, I've chosen to do so."

Confirming his reply, her heart was beating strongly. It was as if she was dreaming.

She looked at the hallway she used to walk down usually, and she imagined him walking there too.

And his smiling warmly at the patients.

Folding her arms to her chest, she asked her fellow colleague, "This is not a dream, right?"

Her fellow nurse cast a weird look at her.

"Why? Are you on call today? You want to wake up from a dream hoping that your oncall duty is just a dream? Wake up!"

Binna's dimple appeared with a blush on her face.

<I have no doubt you will pass the test! Are you available this evening?>

<As you treated me everytime, let me return the favour this time.>

Time passed like a light.

Day by day, Lee Mansuk contacted Suhyuk. But he could not break his stubbornness.

In contrast, Kim Jinwook just looked at him in a relaxed manner, smiling as he was the victor.

In the meantime, the medical doctor's test was around the corner. It was tomorrow.



Suhyuk, waking up in his bed at home for the first time in a long time, was lying down a little longer than usual.

He thought he had a sound sleep, but it was not that long.

It was now 9am. He went out into the living room.

His parents had already gone out to work.

He noticed a piece of paper covering a dining table, with a yellow memo pad on it.

<Enjoy the food happily. I've cooked japchae (stir-fried noodles with vegetables), so heat it in the microwave!>

Reading it with a smile, he took off the paper from the memo pad and put it away. A variety of food he liked was on the table, such as rolled omelet, spicy kimchi soup with pork neck, and the delicious japchae his mother mentioned.

"Thanks for the food."

Suhyuk slowly ate rice and the side dishes.

Everytime he moved the chopsticks, he thought of her rough hands.

With her rough hands, she cooked the kimchi soup, and stirred the japchae. She never stopped moving her hands even for a moment.

Emptying the rice bowl, he reaffirmed his determination that he would lessen her burden of work. And the same for his father. It's about time they were enjoying their life, freed from the burden of work.

Suhyuk ate up all the rice and side dishes, cleaned the dishes before leaving home. And he got on the bus.

*'Is it okay for me to go around in a leisurely manner like this when I will take the test tomorrow?'*

All of a sudden, he came to think of it, but shook his head to blow away any nervousness in his mind.

Unless there were an earthquake or a war, he was confident he would pass it. He

looked out the window, resting his chin on his hand.

How long did time pass?

Soon the bus stopped, and Suhyuk got off.

It was none other than Hana's Rice & Soup restaurant that he walked up to easily just like an old timer.

It's been a really long time since he visited. He felt sorry for Hana's father.

He opened the door and went in.

There was only one customer as it was just before lunch time.

Going into the kitchen, he smiled.

"How are you, sir?"

Hana's father opened his eyes wide, "Uh. How come you came here on a weekday like this?"

"I'm off today because I have a test tomorrow."

"Oh my god! Why did you come here then instead of studying at home for the test?"

"Because I wanted to see you, uncle."

Going down on one knee, he touched his ankle cautiously.

"How do you feel?"

He looked at Suhyuk silently. He just felt pitiful about him squatting to touching his ankle. No matter how often he told Suhyuk not to come, he would not listen.

"I just feel okay."

Suhyuk tightened his grip on his ankle a bit.

"Don't you feel any pain here?"

"Let go of me. Don't you see I'm working right now?"

Suhyuk stood up, and looked carefully at his legs now when he walked with limp.

He could not find any worsening in his condition. Only with that could he feel relieved a bit.

"I didn't come here often enough, right? I'm sorry. I was so busy."

"Hey, if you don't come here, that's how you help me. You're bothering me..."

Moving to the kitchen sink, though, he was smiling.

Suhyuk went up to him, and gently pushed him to the side.

"Let me do it."

Shaking his head from side to side, he moved to the side.

Then Suhyuk started washing the dishes.

"Didn't you say you have a test tomorrow? How come you're relaxed like this? What kind of test is it?"

"It's nothing in particular."

"Was there any test you thought was nothing particular?"

"It's a test we take when we progress from an intern to a resident."

"What happens if you do badly in the test?"

After finishing the dishes and washing off his hands, he turned around, saying

"Then I have to take it again one year later."

At his reply, he smiled dumbfoundedly, and pushed him away.

"Just study more instead of idling away here."

"I'm out here because I'm confident," replied he.

Suhyuk would not move a bit even if he tried to push him out of the kitchen.

With a sigh, he shook his head. "Are you really so confident?"

"Of course."

"Two bowls of rice and soup here!"

Hearing the order from the customers, Suhyuk went out of the kitchen quickly.

He worked there until 5pm.

Watching him doing the dishes silently, he opened his mouth.

“Now just go.”

Without turning back, he nodded, and cleaned up the tables with a dishcloth after clearing the dishes.

“In a little while Hana will be here...” said Suhyuk.

“Yes, that’s right. So go home and study. Don’t worry about here.”

“Yes, sir.”

Though he said he was confident, he felt he needed some sort of caring about his physical condition. There were lots of other chances he could see Hana. Nonetheless, he could not help but feel sorry for Hana’s father.

“Okay, let me go home first.”

Only then did Hana’s father smile brightly.

“Take care, and do well in the test!”

With a smile, he left the restaurant.



Suhyuk was on his way back home on the same bus that he got on when he left his house earlier that day. Then his cell phone buzzed. It was a text message from Oh Byungchul.

<Do well in the test. I know you will pass it even if I don’t say this.>

Then, another message was received.

<I’m not worried, but given the choice, you had better get the first place.>

It was sent by Prof. Kim Jinwook.

Messages continued to come in.

All those he got acquainted with at Daehan Hospital were sending messages cheering him on.

At the continuing vibrations on his phone, he murmured, "I'm afraid the battery will die..."

The smile on his face did not disappear for a while.



Leaving home early in the morning, Suhyuk headed for the testing place.

The place was crowded with a lot of interns, as if all the interns had already gathered there.

They had anxiety and nervousness on their faces. In contrast, Suhyuk's expression was calm.

He went into the place and took his seat. Some murmuring could be heard from some of the other interns which seemed like praying, while some were carrying talismans to help pass the test.

"Did you study a lot, Suhyuk?"

One of his intern friends asked, with an anxious look.

Suhyuk agonized a bit. How could he reply?

"I studied until this morning."

He wanted to encourage him by sharing some sort of kinship with him.

"Well, me too. I just have no idea though..."

Smiling a bit, he patted him on the shoulder.

Then the test began. How long did time pass for?

Suhyuk was walking out of the test place alone. No, a lot of other interns went out in droves, with a variety of expressions on their faces.

However, Suhyuk's face was as calm as it was before.



A guy was entering into the main gate of the hospital.

Once he went into the lobby, he got on the elevator just like an old timer, and he swept up his hair lightly.

<The door is opening> sounded the recorded announcement.

The sound of his walking echoed in the hallway.

Doctors, turning over the medical charts, turned their heads to the side.

Suhyuk smiled at them.

“How are you? I’m resident Lee Suhyuk.”





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